

TOC H JOURNAL

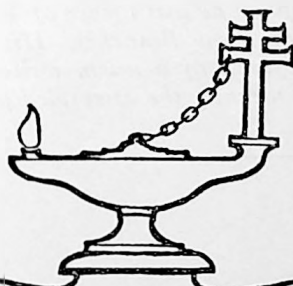


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THE PATRON OF TOC H

The Central Executive, knowing that it was voicing the overwhelming desire of members at home and overseas, submitted to His Majesty the heartfelt wish of Toc H that he would consent to remain Patron.

The following letter has now been received by the Hon. Administrator from Sir Godfrey Thomas:—

*The Privy Purse Office,
Buckingham Palace. S.W.
22nd April, 1936.*

DEAR SECRETAN,

Would you please inform the Central Executive Committee that the KING will be very pleased to remain the Patron of Toc H.

HIS MAJESTY, who will always continue his genuine interest in the welfare of the Movement, takes this opportunity of sending his best wishes for the success of the forthcoming Birthday Festival.

Yours sincerely,

GODFREY THOMAS.

Members everywhere will join in gratitude to His Majesty for this further proof of his interest in the work that Toc H is trying to do.

THE DUKE OF KENT

A further letter from Sir Godfrey Thomas informs us that H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT has consented to be present at the Festival Evening at the Crystal Palace on June 27, and to carry out the office, personally performed by the Patron while he was Prince of Wales, of lighting the Lamps of the New Branches. His Royal Highness may be well assured of a warm welcome on this first occasion of his meeting the assembled family of Toc H.

TO THINK FAIRLY

TO think fairly—what does it mean? A week ago the invitation to discuss fairmindedness rather delighted me. Delight gave way to doubt when a good friend remarked on the difficulty of speaking for any length of time on a topic so involved, so capable of varied interpretations. From doubt one soon declined into despair. As a second sympathiser observed: "How can 'a bundle of prejudices' like you set about tackling a subject like fairmindedness?"

That observation is more than a humorous sally. Its truth has to be faced. How can anyone offer a fair interpretation of fairmindedness unless his own mind is balanced in its judgments, reasonable, just, in its powers to evaluate? Before we attempt as much as to find a definition of fair-thinking, it might be wise to glance at some of the factors that interfere with any kind of thinking. What are some of these disturbing elements that give bias to our judgments in one direction or another?

1. Emotions

There is what may be termed 'the emotional factor,' the impulsive, incalculable response inside us that dictates, *e.g.*, how we feel about a man at our first contact with him. The psychologist does offer an explanation of our sudden likes and dislikes. The complex uncovered accounts for a multitude of 'sins.' (Sometimes I think that word should be spelled 'compl-x.' There's so much of 'unknown quantity' in it!) For you and me these likes and dislikes, which are manifest in reaction not only to men but also to food, clothes, books, pictures, music, streets, towns, and things in general—appear to come to us out of the blue. When we try to explain our feelings, often the explana-

tions sound like a lame excuse, neither honest nor explanatory. Like the lady who accounted for her instant antagonism to a certain preacher by saying she didn't like the shape of his nose. (Incidentally, he had been an amateur boxer at one time!) Another parson of my acquaintance lost the support of an active church-worker who protested: "I couldna' work wi' ony meenister wha pairts his hair the way thon yin pairts his."

2. Prejudice

A second and profoundly disturbing factor in the mind's working is prejudice. Here we have to deal with no lightning-flash of an emotional judgment. Prejudice is an organised attitude, strong in its roots in the mind, sure in its fruits in reaction. There's the story of the young man, a student of entomology, who would insist that his *fiancée* should look at a flea under the microscope. "But, my dear," she argued, "I simply couldn't! Look at a—O, George, how could you?"—"Why there's nothing in that! Really it's as pretty an insect as ever you saw. You've no idea. Here, just you look!"—"No, dear. I'm sorry. I quite believe it's pretty and—well, I'm not afraid, or anything like that!"—"Then, what's your objection?"—"O, I know it's silly—but I just don't like the way it makes its living!!" (How easily that story could be used to point another kind of moral, and one not so funny either.)

3. Envy

Then there is envy. We know what that is, what it does. We don't need any illustrations from outside our personal relations with men doing the same job as ourselves and men working together in

the same Group. What is envy? Isn't it the inability to give credit for work well done or for a life well-lived, when one's own performance seems to suffer by comparison? How much of sheer envy, I wonder, entered into the Pharisees' attitude to Jesus? In these days, too, when a large part of political propaganda would seem to consist in seeing which side can sling mud in the biggest handfuls at its opposite number, one would like to know again how far their bitterness is occasioned by consciousness of one another's virtues.

4. Tyrannical Principle

What about principle? Here we are on holy ground, ground that has been many times, and may be many more, crimsoned with blood shed in the name of Principle. So like a tyranny can the rule of principle become. Recall the Older Cato and his unalterable conviction that Carthage must be crushed finally, root-and-branch. Speaking in the Senate, no matter what might be the subject under consideration, he would end every contribution to debate with the formal and unvarying motion "That Carthage be destroyed"—*Carthago delenda est*. It is as though an M.P. to-day were to speak in the House on Education, Housing, Health, Roads, Unemployment, always winding up with the same words: "What about Germany's Re-armament?" The unseen depths of difficulty in seeking to give principle its due place are sounded in a memorable sentence of the poet Coleridge: "He who begins by loving Christianity more than truth will go on to loving his sect more than Christianity, and end by loving himself more than all." Maybe it is pride that transforms principle into prejudice. Certain it is that pride and principle are a bad pair to drive in double-harness. Or, in other words, principle, too sure of its standing-ground, tends to

lose the use of its wings. Forgetting humility it cannot but forget God too.

5. Cynicism

Trying to see the factors that disturb our thinking we dare not omit cynicism, the cheap estimate of life that chooses to debunk all things that *look* good. Cynicism is the apotheosis of the skull. Thomas Gray was not speaking as a cynic when he wrote: "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." But he said it, and in certain moods we are liable to catch that type of distemper. "Every man has his price." "You can't change human nature." "Vanity of vanities," saith the preacher, "all is vanity." What does the attitude amount to? Simply this. A man has no right to believe in heaven because he has seen bits of heaven snared in the rain-puddle on the road. So the debunking goes on, lest one good judgment should corrupt the debunker's own outlook on life. One man, himself a tormented soul, surely got his hook in the poor fish's mouth when he remarked: "A cynic is one who knows the price of everything, and the value of nothing."

Prejudice, envy, principle, cynicism—with these factors, and many another thrown in to unbalance judgment, it appears that one's chance of fair-mindedness is a forlorn hope. It looks as if the pitch has been queered before we go in to bat at all. But there is one thing to be said. One advantage of sizing up the opposition is that we are driven to a fresh examination of our objective. Our objective agreed upon, we have to decide the tactics necessary to its achievement. Therefore let me try to indicate the results to which this accountancy has compelled myself. 1. I have to enquire what it really means "to think fairly." 2. I have to choose the means by which I may seek to become a fair-minded person.

1. What is 'Fairminded'?

What is fairmindedness? A week ago I should have had no hesitation in replying to that. Fairmindedness is the attitude of justice. Its task is the cool, clear-eyed weighing of evidence, and the resolution to abide by the verdict that the weight of evidence suggests. Limiting the enquiry to the meaning of fair-thinking in relation to my fellow men, I find a strange thing happens. That definition fails to satisfy me. Some part of me rebels against its application to human relationships. "Is that the rule-of-mind which you are to apply in dealing with other people? Then, in solemn truth, *Heaven* help you if they deal with you according to the same rule."

Now, why should I rebel at that just and reasonable canon of judgment? Because, in the first place, it means that life in any social group becomes a law court affair, in which I am on trial, literally for my life, and every man I meet is jury-and-judge in my case. If the only basis for a verdict is men's knowledge of me, I protest that be they as scrupulous, as dispassionate as they can be, their knowledge is too circumstantial, too fragmentary, to leave me satisfied that their judgment is fair and finally true. Not only when their opinion is adverse, will I dissent from the verdict. Most of all, perhaps, when their opinion is all too golden I shall hear the protesting voice within: "If they only knew me as I really am how different would be their opinion."

Again, so often do we find that on the strictly evidential ground by a queer paradox we have no ground to stand on in arriving at a fair estimate of our neighbour. And he will find himself in a similar dilemma in respect of me. We shall be in the position of the third man, the middle man, on a see-saw: feet astride place, dip down one way one minute, dip

the other way the next, with the things we like in a man on the right end of the plank, the other, distasteful things, on the left. Who of the two is the man, the real man? Dr. Jekyll or Mr. Hyde? Tweedledum or Tweedledee? In that situation I suppose the just decision would be to make no decision, to "wait and see," or should we say, to "wait and see-saw"! In practice, of course, that does not happen. The purely negative attitude towards men whom we meet at work, at play, in club or in Group, cannot be maintained. The choice for us is a choice between simply drifting into an attitude, as we must, or deliberately steering our course towards an attitude, as we may. In passing, it is worth asking ourselves how many petty antagonisms we have on our consciences in relation to men whose feelings towards us, we had imagined, would never have been any more than our first feelings towards them—emotionally neutral, indifferent. I confess that for myself, apathy has proved only too often the royal road to antipathy.

If it be true, then, that we are coming down on some side, for or against, in our relations with each other, the conclusion to which I am brought is this. Fairmindedness is not striking a balance, returning a judicious verdict, and giving every man his due according to our reading of his merits. "To think fairly" is definitely to come down on one side, the right side. Fairmindedness is exactly what it says, with the emphasis on the "fair." Taking the *fair* view of friend, neighbour, acquaintance, *and enemy too!* The fair view, not in the lawyer's sense of fair, but in the artist's sense. Here we are in deep waters. This is exactly the contrasted view we encounter in the revelation of God as Justice and God as Love. "My thoughts are not your thoughts,"

saith the Lord. The Divine Legalist more perfectly seen by man appears as the Divine Lover. The fairmindedness of Justice, dealing with men at the circumference of their lives, is laid aside when the fairmindedness of Love comes to deal with men at the centre, at their hearts. The situation has been transformed from that of a court of law to the situation in a home, where the rule is not a legalistic balancing of evidences but actual giving of credit even when credit seems undeserved, and more than should be looked for. In short, the difference between justice and fairmindedness is the difference between taking a man on trial and taking him on trust. To sum up, I am compelled to regard fairmindedness as the attitude of generous good faith, "believing where we cannot prove," and entering into the blessedness of those who, as Jesus said, would be happy although not having seen they yet had believed.

2. Generous Good Faith

In the light of the foregoing examination, my objective appears as 'generous good faith' in thinking of my fellow man. Indeed, as soon as I have so defined my objective, there leaps to mind another and even more breath-taking phrase, 'Reverence for personality.' There it is, my goal. To think of man, not in terms of his appearance to my eyes, not on the level of his performance as I judge it, but in terms of his value for God, on the level of his possibilities as a child of God. If that be fairmindedness it looks almost an impertinence on our part to begin to enquire as to the means of scaling such an Everest of vision. Dare we commit ourselves to such an adventure?

There is one asset we have, one quality that seems to hold the seed of an infinitely great development for us in range and depth of spirit. Sometimes we are not

niggardly in our appreciation. We do know a gentleman when we see one. We meet with souls of the chivalrous breed and creed whose influence purges us of the pettiness of "praising with faint damns." How does this appeal to you? Keep in mind the difficulty any man experiences in displaying the generous spirit towards another worker in the same field as his own, and look at this incident. Brahms was asked by the wife of Strauss (of "Blue Danube" fame) to write in her autograph book. She expected him to do the customary thing, write out a few bars of one of his compositions, and subscribe his name as composer. Her feelings can be imagined when she found in her book Brahms' signature under the opening bars of the "Blue Danube," with the words added, "Unfortunately, not by me." Scotsmen have only one word to describe that kind of spirit. It's bonnie!

Still another instance comes to mind. You may read the details in *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, by G. M. Trevelyan. Here is the substance of the tale. Sigismondo Castromediano, a Neapolitan patrician, lord of seven baronies, died in 1895. For thirty years of his life he was left to rot in irons, guilty of being too liberal in his opinions. When Garibaldi had succeeded in overthrowing the *régime* which had put him there, the Duke was asked for the names of his unjust judges. He replied: "I have forgotten them." . . . From that man it is an easy step to the Son of Man Who said: "Father, forgive them. They know not what they do."

That step must be taken. In the quest of the ideal Truth, Beauty, Goodness, sooner or later, we find ourselves face to face with Him. The Grace of Him. Embarrassment, the awkward moment in which the temperature drops as a chill steals down between you and me—what sign of that does He ever betray? Insin-

cerity, flattery, forced kindliness, we know them. We try them out and pay dearly for the gamble.

So do I learn anew what it means to "think fairly." "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report," to think of these things, to love and to look for them in myself and in my fellow men—that, I believe, is "to think fairly." The first article in the creed of fair-mindedness is to believe that such things are implanted in my own life that I may be self-reverencing, and implanted also in my brother man that I may reverence him. God put them there. And however the

Devil, with man as partner, has managed to shovel the dirt on top of them, grow and bear fruit they surely will when we learn that they respond to reverence, trust, goodwill, and not to any other spirit.

And I learn, too, how I, "a bundle of prejudices," must set about winning the mind "that thinketh no evil, that beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." The Grace of the Master is not a pattern that one might seek to imitate. The very thought of imitation is death to the spirit. His Grace must be in me 'a new creation,' a Spirit to be imparted.

It is an ancient wisdom that declared: "As a man thinketh in his heart, *so is he.*"

W. P. TEMPLE.

SENILE BRANCHES

THE cynic has said "Branch status is the first stage towards senility." He declares that which he has seen. Senility which follows valiant conflict is honourable. It has earned respect and a love that shelters. It is carried into the new life which lies beyond as scars are carried. No shame is there. Senility in a Toc H Branch is an ugly thing. It flaunts itself at noonday before the issue has been truly joined. Whence comes it? Let the history of such a Branch tell its own story.

In the first days this unit had a spirit of high-hearted happiness. There was a mixture of men who had seen a vision of a great task. Eagerly they sought to fit themselves to play their part. In those days they knew the history of Toc H. They revelled in the stories of the pioneers. Surely this movement had come in the purpose of God to help in wiping the sneer off the face of the world. They saw the distant goal and were proud to lend a hand. Those were the days of constant new discoveries. They found each other.

They saw in men different from themselves things that had been hidden from their eyes. Unemployed members fighting a grim battle with hard economic facts displayed courage salted with humour. Those to whom much had been given revealed humility and a sensitiveness to the needs of others that brought the family into touch with those unseen things that are more real than possessions. Eyes were opened to human needs and virtue went out of men who were conscious of no virtue.

The atmosphere of those early days was one of joy. As learners they received a Rushlight and immediately began to study to show themselves a unit that needed not to be ashamed. One day they would become a Branch—but not yet. Visitors commended them. The Area Staff displayed them to others as an example of what a unit should be. Slowly they became self-conscious about their worthwhile unit. Thus the emphasis was imperceptibly changed. All members

must work so that the record of service next year might be worthy of such a Group. The Jobmaster became more insistent and more strident. Already they were better than most Branches and soon they would apply for a Lamp. A few there were who were disquieted, reading the signs aright. The majority had their eyes fixed upon the goal of Branch status. They dreamed less of the new world. They received fewer revelations from the lives of ordinary men. They became less frequently aware that they, *even* they, were workers together with God. They thought more constantly of the Guard of the Lamp, of the level of attendance at meetings and of the length of their list of jobs. Slow starters in service fell by the wayside, unmissed or missed without regret. They must reach their goal. Their gifts to Headquarters were poor. This might count against them. For *this* reason they doubled their gifts. At last they were ready. Their application was carefully prepared. It looked like a company prospectus. It was of virtues all compact. No Guard could refuse it—no Guard did.

Then a glorious Festival, afterwards a more local celebration. Succeeded—flatness and a strange sense of disillusionment. They had arrived at their goal and had no other worlds to conquer. Very soon the “taskmaster” became querulous. He talked of the past rather than the future. Somehow all incentive had gone. A few leaders left and second-rate leaders of the old brigade took charge. Newcomers to the unit seldom came more than once. Senility had begun. A Branch was dying in the hey-day of its youth. In reality it was a Branch of Toc H no longer. The label remained but the contents were different. It was like a bottle of barley water with a label of champagne.

This history could be repeated again and

again. Is there a remedy for the disease? Some who read these words belong to such a Branch. That you are aware of it is the first step towards rejuvenation. The process of a cure is a long one. Your Branch cumbers the ground. Is there any reason why it should be allowed to keep up the pretence of being alive? Your meetings result in your taking home with you depression and irritability. This is absurd. You never invite acquaintances to accompany you to the Family Meeting because you are bored with them and you are sure that they will be.

May I prescribe for the early stages of the cure? I suggest as a beginning the following subjects for discussion on consecutive weeks:—

1. Is this Branch serving any useful purpose to (a) its members; (b) the community? Be honest, frank and kind.
2. What justification can you make for setting up a Toc H unit in a “society-ridden” community?
3. Invite someone from outside to put the case for Toc H in this present world.
4. A discussion of the directions in which the unit most obviously fails.
5. A talk by a member of the Executive on either “The programme for the next few months” or “Reasons why the present Executive must hand over the task to others.”
6. Discussion on whether or not the Branch should surrender its Lamp for a period.
7. Invite a member of the Area Staff to discuss the future with the Branch.

If the Branch is still alive at the end of this period it will be in a humble and expectant frame of mind. It will be expecting great things—from God.

G. L. H.

WAYWARD YOUTH

A review of an important work, WAYWARD YOUTH, by AUGUST AICHHORN, Putnam, 10/6.

"WE are all Socialists nowadays," said the late Sir William Harcourt, forty years ago; to-day he would probably have said "We are all psychologists," with just as much truth and just as much sting. The fact that this book has a foreword by no less a person than Sigmund Freud may serve to prejudice it in the eyes of some. But for those who feel impelled to dismiss it on this account, let a statement by the author reassure them right away: "I do not regard every unusual bit of behaviour as springing from some obscure motive, but try first to find a simple explanation." And the book as a whole bears out this claim. It shows what very simple facts are often the cause why a child (or a grown up) is "difficult," and how they may easily lead to misconduct which calls out the censure of the teacher, the club leader, or the law.

A few months ago one of our Judges remarked to a prisoner whom he was about to sentence, and whose particular "difficulty" had landed him in the dock: "It is my duty to attempt to protect society from men who behave as you have done. But in sentencing you I have little hope that prison by itself will do much to alter you for the better. What you want is someone who will act as a doctor or surgeon for your mind." That is a truth which comes home whenever we read accounts of police court cases. There is so much crying aloud to be tackled. It is at least a matter for thanksgiving that great strides have been made in the way in which we deal with the "young delinquent." Children's Courts, Approved Schools, and Borstal Institutions are incontrovertible evidence of that. We are now rapidly arriving at the stage when it is recognised as still more important to

deal with the "problem child," the potential "young delinquent," before he gets within the clutches of the law rather than merely to treat him humanely and with understanding when once that has happened. Experimental Schools and Child Guidance Clinics in London and other great cities could tell of the large measure of success which is attending such efforts. So skilful and so patient are many of those who are working for these children that their affection and loyalty are, in a large percentage of cases, secured, and the youngster, who was the despair of his parents, the terror of his neighbourhood, and a burden to himself, is transformed into a happy, jolly, reliable member of the community.

The root inspiration for much work of this kind has come primarily from the New Testament; various experiments which are being made abroad have contributed in a secondary but very real way. It is the story of one such experiment, carried on for a number of years in Vienna, which is the theme of "*Wayward Youth*." But, as is so often the case, even more important than the story of the experiment is the personality of the man who was responsible for it, which shines forth from every page of the book. One is reminded of the verdict of the biographer of Robert Louis Stevenson, "To do the things he did was a great achievement, but to be the man he was an achievement even greater."

Of August Aichhorn the editors speak in their preface in a way which slightly surprises our sense of propriety, yet conveys a lively portrait of the man: "Fat, jolly, and comfortable-looking, he is a well-known and greatly-beloved figure in Vienna. His ability to identify himself

with people in all kinds of difficulties, and his great personal charm enable him to make immediate contact with all sorts and classes of people." As one reads the account of his work the impression left on the mind is of what can only be called a certain "New Testament" quality of life. There is no single word from start to finish of an explicitly religious nature, and yet the story as a whole, compact as it is of patience, understanding, and an amazing and unceasing self-giving, is soaked through and through with the spirit of true religion.

Aichhorn was 14 when he decided to be a teacher. His father managed a bakery and carried on the trade of a miller. Even as quite a lad Aichhorn had been made to help in the bakery. He knew the apprentices well, they were his companions at play, taught him to gamble at cards, won his pocket money from him. But from this association he learned a great deal that was most valuable to him in his later work with boys. Once he decided to become a teacher, he began to train himself for his work. From the very beginning he was fascinated by his job, and specially absorbed in those naughty and "difficult" children who were the despair of his colleagues.

In pre-war days he took a large part in social work for children, but it was after the war, when all work for children in Vienna received a new impetus, that he came into his own. An Institute was founded into which children were admitted who were proving troublesome at home, or who had had a preliminary skirmish with the police which betokened the possibilities of further trouble, or who in some other way showed a tendency to become "delinquent." Aichhorn had become convinced in theory that in dealing with these wayward youngsters much could be learned from psycho-analysis,

and now in his Institute he began to work out in practice what he had already reasoned out in theory.

It is the case records of this Institute which very largely provide the material for this book. Just because of that, there is here no theory divorced from practice, but rather theory which has been tested, modified, re-thought, in the light of practice, not to mention common sense and humour. "If you had come to our training school on a particularly fortunate day you would have found something like the following: Before you reached the grounds of the Institution you might have met a local inhabitant complaining loudly that the delinquents, instead of being locked up and marched out in a line to go walking, were allowed to run round in the neighbourhood, that they could come and go at will through unlocked doors and gates. [Ever been to the village of Borstal in Kent?] He is on his way to complain to the superintendent because some boys who were scuffling on their way home had broken one of his windows. You cannot see me at once because a policeman is waiting for me. From my office you hear the excited voice of a gardener complaining that he cannot have the boys coming into his orchard. I invite you to come in with the policeman and hear the account of what happened the day before. Two boys made a fire in the woods and cooked a trout that was obviously caught in the near-by brook, a thing forbidden by law. The policeman is no sooner out of the room, and we are on the point of making a round of the Institution, than the cook bursts in to say that she had made just the right number of dumplings, and five have disappeared."

But the point is that in theory all will readily admit that these "difficult" children possess all too little self-control. They easily surrender to impulses, and find it

hard to resist temptation. They must be disciplined, or rather they must be helped to control and discipline themselves. Dealing with the individual case it is easy enough to agree to this. Aichhorn can see no reason why the procedure should be different in the Institution, just because there are more cases and the difficulties greater. But though this account reads as if all were chaos, that is very far from the case. Not license but liberty is the goal towards which all the efforts of Aichhorn and his helpers are directed. All the time they are using the daily conflict and upheaval as a training ground for character. The important thing is not the smooth running of the Institution, but that the children who are in it should be so trained and helped to develop that they are fitted for life outside.

And it works. No immodest claims of unbroken successes are made. In one place, for instance, after he has given an account of a stormy twelve hours in the life of the Institute he remarks: "I have intentionally given you an example of a time when our handling of our charges was unskilful, because I feel you can derive more practical value from our mistakes." Fairmindedness in action. Within the short compass of a JOURNAL article it is not possible to examine in detail the cases set out in the book. And to telescope what is there so fully set out would not be fair. To take one case, chosen at random, as typical: a lad of sixteen was brought by his father, who wished Aichhorn to do something for him. Always he'd been a happy high-spirited boy, but recently, as his father put it, "Either the devil's got into him or he's gone crazy. You can't imagine how awful it is; we've tried to be kind to him, and we've tried to be strict, but nothing helps. We don't know what to do next. Perhaps if he comes into your institute you can make something of him." And they did. So much so that within a

few weeks the boy was home and the father overjoyed. "He was just as overjoyed now as he had been despairing several weeks before. And just as I then had to curb his despair because all was not lost, so I had now to curb his enthusiasm because all was not yet won." But within a year it was; the home happy and peaceful once again, and the boy a cheerful and willing participant in all the give-and-take of family life.

It is difficult to realise, as one reads, that the account is not of an experiment being made in our own midst, so similar are the problems which face Aichhorn and his helpers, and so akin to our own outlook the methods employed in tackling them. "We found that our cases came almost without exception from families where the home relations were broken or disturbed," is a plaint which might have come from any of our own Probation Officer members or a Borstal official. While the remark made about some of the boys and girls, "They were human beings who had found life too hard, whose antagonism to society was justified, and for whom an environment must be created in which they could feel comfortable," is strangely reminiscent of an aside Miss Lilian Barker was once heard to use, speaking of some of the women under her charge: "Most of these women have had a hell of a life before they got here; it's my job to try to give them just a taste of heaven."

Fortunate, indeed, are the children of any and every country, growing up with teachers and friends of such sympathy, patience and unquenchable faith in human nature. Good it is to think that it is not in Vienna alone that this selfless service to youth goes on. Sad, very sad, that in his own city political considerations have for the present seriously curtailed the scope of this "greatly-beloved" healer's work.

D. J. W.

ON THE ACHIEVEMENT OF GREATNESS

THE true and inner strength of Toc H rests neither on its organisation nor on its ideals; but rather on the outside world.

Its organisation is a good one: it is sufficiently businesslike to be efficient, and sufficiently unbusinesslike to be Toc H. Its ideals, moreover, are high enough to be unattainable, so that they fulfil the ideal of all ideals, which is to be rather like the carrot hung from a pole fixed to a donkey's head: to provide a logical reason for what the donkey must otherwise consider to be an unreasonable demand.

These things, our organisation and our ideals, are essential to the life of Toc H, but are in no great way responsible for the very real influence it has on the world in which it moves. They are, in fact, accessories—the vitamins in our food rather than the food itself. Nor is the greatness of Toc H the greatness of the Church which fostered it. It has drawn on the Church for strength as the child draws on its mother; but, unlike the child, from its birth it has had a strength and a source of power of its own.

This source it not at first thought an obvious one: it is not that of being novel; not that of being influential; not even that of being rich. Its energy is, in fact, merely the energy of position, and it is for this reason that I have said that the strength of Toc H depends on the external world.

In three words, it fits in.

There is nothing unusual about Toc H itself. Its ideals have often before been expressed, and on the face of things its organisation is no more remarkable or widely spread than that of the Meccano Guild or of the Gugnuncs; certainly it has

been less advertised. Before the War, however, there was no place in the world apparent for Toc H, and without the War a movement such as ours would have been doomed to an ignominious failure. Because of the War, it succeeded; yet it is not true that Toc H is grown *from* the Great War: it was merely grown *during* the Great War, as there was provided then a suitable soil.

Potentially, Toc H has existed for all time; the way for it was commanded by a Nazarene Carpenter who lived two thousand years ago. . . .

During 1914 and the waste years following it, the thunder of battle swept across the world irresistibly like a wind. On the wind was borne a seed, a dry seed that had never been given a chance. It came to earth somewhere in Flanders, and there it sprouted. The ground through which its first green shoots thrust themselves was watered by the blood of young men, and perhaps that is why it grew so straightly. In the fulness of time it became Toc H. The seed had found its place.

There is little more to be said. The world is ready for Toc H, and we are ready for the world. We have found our place in it; we fit as well as we may expect, and this is our strength. We acknowledge ourselves to be a square peg, having for our corners the Four Points of the Compass, and if the hole we have found has still a tendency to roundness, let us hammer ourself in right heartily.

Remember that pegs are usually harder than the wood into which they are driven—the hole will give way before we do.

Only, when you use a hammer, don't forget to mind your fingers. J. G.

NOTE CAREFULLY: *There will be no JOURNAL in July.* A Double Number, with a report and pictures of the COMING-OF-AGE FESTIVAL, will appear in *August*, and an ordinary number in *September*.

A PROBATIONER SEES TOC H

Here is a view of Toc H by a probationer of Daventry Group. He writes from his bed in a Sanatorium, where he is doing valuable work for Toc H among his fellow patients.

1.—What is the appeal of Toc H?

I THINK it appealed to me because it seemed to contain the vital elements of Christ's teaching and, therefore, the Christian religion, without being over-concerned with such things as doctrine, ritual, etc. I could not but feel that the real spirit of this religion was in many ways becoming obscured by debatable questions. The Founder of our Faith has always stood out in my mind as being a very simple character with a simple yet extremely effective message to mankind. He was not over concerned with preaching; His life appeared to be a more effective sermon. I cannot but recall in this instance a few words written on the death of a very dear old Christian lady:—

*For all her quiet life flowed on as
meadow streamlets flow,*

*Where fresher green alone reveals the
noiseless ways they go.*

*The dear Lord's best interpreters are
humble human souls.*

*The gospel of a life like hers is more
than books or scrolls.*

The organised Church has always, in my opinion, put rather too much importance upon the question of the after life. I don't think people need have any fear of death or what lies beyond if their duties to their fellow-travellers here and now have been observed. A man's soul is more likely to be aroused, his better qualities developed by receiving the comradeship, the brotherly consideration and assistance of one of his fellows than by a hundred sermons preached by a man who is more often than not at a distance from him.

This brings me to my second point, which is that Toc H gives this closer contact. It brings men of all social grades into intimate contact with each other.

They are introduced, they laugh and converse with each other, and being members of a movement which makes this closer comradeship its aim and work they have a better chance of getting 'beneath the skin' of their fellows and getting to know the needs of each individual soul and sometimes also its body. The spark of brotherhood, the desire for brotherhood is inherent in all men. This was amply proved during the war years when Toc H was born. A number of men who were soldiers in the last war were once lamenting in my company that much of the chumminess, the "goodwill among all men" that was so noticeable among our troops during those awful years has so soon disappeared. Many organisations have tried to keep it together, e.g., the British Legion, but they must admit that it is only the husk of what it was. The fact is that the social grading, the economic struggle for existence which is the necessary evil of our social system, tends to cast a heavy veil of reserve over each individual soul. The war years proved that this veil could be pierced and it is the job of post-war Toc H to continue that work.

Another point in its favour is that it draws its workers from all of the various religious sects and it reminds them that, even if they are divided in their interpretations and methods of administration, they are united in their real aim and purpose, which is the spreading of Christian work and teaching. I used to think at one time that it was detrimental to the Christian religion to find itself divided into so many sects. But now I am not so certain. There is room and work for them all provided that they agree on one thing—their duty to all their fellows. Variety of method and viewpoint may not only be tolerable, it

may also be necessary because it prevents stagnation and the tyranny of officialdom; but there must be unity of purpose. It is in reminding Christendom of its real work and purpose that Toc H may prove to be its greatest friend.

2.—What of its Future?

If Toc H makes it its sole job to remind Christendom of its mission, it must of necessity suffer the fate of all revivalist groups; for once the patient is healthy and can take his proper place in society, there is no need for tonics. On the other hand, it might easily become a very useful part of the machinery of organised Christendom: a sort of receiving centre for ideas as to the practical application of its teaching. By that I mean that the spirit may still receive its sustenance from the Church through the priest and minister, but it would find its expression through Toc H *via* the jobmaster. This would unite Christendom at its business end, still leaving its members free to follow their own conscience and intellectual conviction at the other. Or, of course, it may fall into decay through apathy or more easily by loading itself with silly affectation and practices which tend to make it ridiculous in the eyes of onlookers and also to distract its members from the essential work.

Although Toc H has a serious work to perform, there is no need for its meetings to be dull. But let it be the humour of matured minds and not the silly hysterics of the classroom. The progress, the real progress of Toc H may be slow, but with wise handling it may be sure. The Church can assemble hundreds of people at each service and preach to them; yet when they leave they each go their several ways with just a nod of recognition or a slight superficial conversation. Lasting friendships may form there, it is true, but they do so as casually and as fortuitously as they might

in a public house. Sound and lasting friendships as we all know them are only formed through intimate and prolonged contact. Toc H provides this contact bit by bit, and therein lies its great strength. If it continues to study and apply the science of friendship-forming, it may prove to be a really great spiritual force.

In order to understand its destiny, one must first remember its origin. For four and a half years the best manhood of the nation was plunged into a veritable hell. It was goaded on by senseless platitudes to perform deeds which it imagined mankind had left behind in the dark ages of its barbaric infancy. The beautiful countryside, which had long inspired poets and painters to undying fame, was being turned into a bleak and barren mud-heap—and by them; bodies of men, whose living spirit had conceived and designed all that made civilised life beautiful and noble, were rotting all around them and their work was being razed to the ground—and by them. The Bible had told them that they should not kill, yet they were being flattered and given medals for massacre! The Church which had uttered such soothing platitudes to them in peace time was supporting it. It is small wonder to me that they should lose faith in themselves and the Church and find comfort and reality in comradeship. The one thing in a falling world which seemed permanent and worth seeking was the loyalty and comradeship of each other. Toc H arose and fostered this spirit and in its own way led them back—not to the Church as they knew it—but to its Founder and His simple teaching. I think the future of Toc H depends upon its remembering the circumstances in which it was born and the needs which it tried to supply.

3.—Do I feel at Home?

Quite, thank you. FRANK CLARKE.

A CONTRAST

We reprint this article, with acknowledgments, from the Wayfarer, the magazine of the Blackborough Home for Wayfarers, near Cullompton, Devon. These words give not only a hint of what homes like Blackborough are doing for the young wanderer in search of work, whose existence is a real human problem, but also vividly describes the grim contrast between the yielding South of 'England's green and pleasant land' and the forbidding North. This article keeps us aware of an unsolved economic situation.

THE Cornish coast, with dark cliffs against which the Atlantic breaks in seething foam.

Fields green as moss, sweeping back to the moor; the only houses visible, squatting comfortable in hollows out of the wind, and even in January the gardens have snowdrops and an occasional flowering shrub.

In a farm house kitchen a good meal had just been cleared away from the long table.

The wife was airing the master's best suit, as he was going to a meeting. The hired boy was reading at the table end, while Grandfather sat in a comfortable chair by the fire of blazing logs, which filled the room with their pungent scent, as we listened-in to Blackborough Home, Devon's own attempt to help the young unemployed youths on the road.

The train steamed slowly into Newcastle Station—the most noticeable thing was the cold penetrating fog, it catches the throat and makes one's eyes water.

On the twelve miles drive there was no green thing, just streets and streets and more streets, broken by pit heads, chimneys and cranes. In 'England's green and pleasant land,' now left behind, one rarely saw men standing idle, perhaps one or two at a gate or village corner having a gossip. Here one sees men and youths standing solitary or in groups, shivering in the cold wind; the older men looking cold and grey, all waiting, as they have waited for so long, for times to improve, for the job that does not come.

We near the sea, bleak, cold, whose

mists hide Jutland. Along the sands, along the front, a continual trickle of men, grimed with coal-dust, each one carrying on his shoulder, or pushing on an old bicycle, a sack of coal, scraped off the pit heap some miles away.

This trickle goes on from dawn till dark; they glean their coal and struggle back against the wind in their worn clothes, at least it gives them something to do to fill in the long days of waiting.

This is another world. Life in the soft beauty of the West Country is not so strenuous, not so grim. There the fight is with nature; here with machines.

After living for some weeks in the "Distressed Area," and hearing from all sorts and conditions of men and women of the struggle they are having in these difficult times, one's considered opinion is that the word "distressed" should be replaced by "courageous."

It takes courage of no mean order to live through years of such trade stagnation as has never before been known.

The Superintendent of Police in one area volunteered the information that there is a steady migration of youths of good type from these towns to the midlands, where they hope to get work. Some of these lads are successful, but the greater number drift further and further from home, they never write, and gradually their parents lose all trace of them. Incidentally the Warden of Blackborough Home has been instrumental again and again in putting parents in touch with their sons.

Many of the young men make spartan efforts to keep fit; any morning, on the

bleak beach with the sleet blowing in from the sea and the wild waves crashing against the rocks, one may see these youths strip off their few poor clothes and dash into the icy water, rush out again, do violent exercises to dry and warm themselves, dress quickly, and go home at a sharp pace.

One wonders if there is enough food to go round when they arrive home. Healthy young appetites, after exercise of the kind just described, need good solid meals.

Some of the unemployed centres are splendid. These are really clubs, and there are classes for carpentry, upholster-

ing and many other useful occupations. Men learn to make furniture for their own home. One of these clubs has a boxing ring, with an Army boxer to teach young men the art of self-defence. This instructor told how His Majesty the King, then Prince of Wales, sat for fifteen minutes watching the boxing, and showed the keenest interest.

Perhaps it would be well to conclude this article with the remarks of an unemployed man, standing in a group of others as grey and weary as himself, and talking of the new King, "He's alright, he's a grand chap, he has been here. He knows us and we know him." W. E.

MULTUM IN PARVO

✱ A report of the Annual Meeting of the CENTRAL COUNCIL held on April 25 will be published in the JOURNAL for June.

✱ The OXFORD AND THAMES VALLEY DIVISION of the Southern Area has been constituted an Area. "Bobs" Ford continues as Padre of the new Area, with Howard Dunnett as Secretary of both the Southern and the Oxford and Thames Valley Areas.

✱ PETER MONIE, who was recently made a deacon, is to be ordained priest in St. Mary's Cathedral, Glasgow, on Trinity Sunday, June 7. At the same time and place FRANK LANNING (Retford Group) is to be ordained deacon. PAT LEONARD will preach the ordination sermon.

✱ Our good wishes go with Padre G. W. S. HARMER (Gerry), who has left the Manchester Area and is now helping Pat Leonard in his new work at Bishop's Hatfield.

✱ The Rev. RICHARD N. CRAIG (Hon. Padre, East Tyne District) is welcomed to the Staff on his appointment as a Mark Padre. He will take up his duties at the new House in Birmingham in June.

✱ LESLIE HAWKINS has left the staff to go into business after ten years' service in the Registrar's department. J. J. MACLOUGHLIN (West Ham) has been appointed Assistant Registrar.

✱ By the courtesy of the compilers, one of the "Leaflets for Leaders," issued by the Scottish Y.M.C.A. in conjunction with the National and Scottish Associations of Boys' Clubs, has been reproduced as a BOOK-LIST FOR BOYS' CLUB LEADERS. Copies can be obtained from Area Secretaries.

✱ Congratulations to the following on their promotion to Branch status: *Geraldton* (Western Australia), *Kimba*, and *St. Peters* (South Australia) by the Australian Executive; *Indwe*, *King William's Town—Keiskama Hoek*, *Klerksdorp*, *Mortimer*, *Pinetown*, *Sea Point* (Southern Africa); *Waimea* (New Zealand); *Eastbourne Old Town* (Surrey & Sussex); *Bakewell*, *Kettering*, *Normanton*, *Sutton-on-Sea*, *Ulceby* (East Midlands); *Acock's Green*, *Barford*, *Hampton Lucy* (West Midlands); *Hulme*, *Leek* (Manchester); *Newland* (East Yorks.); *Cinderford*, *Marlborough*, *Pitchcombe*, *Stratton St. Margaret* (Western).

There will be NO July JOURNAL, a Double Number in August, an ordinary one in September.

CONSCIENCE

This article by H. KRALL we reprint from The Lamp of India, with acknowledgments.

HONEST assertion of conscience, the still, small voice, always elicits esteem. If society has to oppose it, this opposition is applied with regret. Let us leave out of account those who take shelter from an unpleasant task behind a 'conscience' that is difficult to test and easy to assume, a contemptible form of hypocrisy: the coward turned conscientious objector; the indolent parent who disapproves of corporal punishment. I deal only with honourable and veritable conscience and say that, *prima facie*, all honourable men regard it as valid.

But whence comes this innermost core of ethics? Bluntly, is the still, small voice the voice of God? I suppose most of us teach our children so, but is this indeed the whole truth? For, if it comes wholly from God, how can there be a conflict between the conscience of one man and that of another?

God can certainly speak to us directly and in unmistakable terms, and sometimes does so, but I believe it is the experience of most of us that He *rarely* does so. He seems in His wisdom to prefer to inspire us through our emotions and guide us through our consciences. In this we are veritable channels of His grace, but He is thwarted by our defects, stultified by our sin.

Conscience a growth

It is characteristic of the adventure of life that as we get older the adventure becomes more adventurous. The straightforward yea and nay of the nursery will not take us to adolescence, nor will the simple rules of adolescence suffice for the conflicting loyalties of middle life. Christianity is not easy nor is it simple.

In more purely psychological terms, a

man's mind is the product of his whole past and present: all that he has encountered, attempted, loved and suffered, mould his ideas. The spark of moral vitality may come from on high but can only manifest itself as the product of the natural material it inhabits.

We are thus led to infer (1) that the untested individual conscience is a most unreliable guide, (2) that it has a precious nucleus of divine wisdom that demands attention, (3) that its value bears a close relation to the godliness of its possessor.

Now how do we deal with the situation when a number of men, actuated by the same ideal for good, hold divergent views as to detail? If, for example, twelve men want to start a school for lepers, will they not meet and work out a scheme? What does this amount to? Probably, that the views of each will pass under the assessment of the others, who then weighing these ideas according to the personality behind each of them, will come to a common conclusion. Thus the process is a double one: first, the winnowing of the contribution of each of the twelve by the other eleven; second, the synthesis of the twelve winnowed contributions to a single resolve that receives the assent and support of all. Centuries of history have shown this, the jury method, to be a wise procedure leading to the best decisions.

It is not the only possible one; it is not the quickest or the easiest or the cheapest. The twelve might elect as leader that member who knew most about leprosy, or about education, or about building, and subordinate their views to his. Such is the pseudo-democratic method. They might retain the services of an outsider. This is the commercial method. They might elect as their leader the one best at Law or

Cricket, and swallow his views on the building of a leper school. This is the political method. But I digress!

In the procedure indicated, there is nothing that will not apply to questions of conscience. I cannot escape the unpalatable conclusion that my conscience is quite unreliable and that the conscience of the one is by far less valid than the conscience of the many. We are all members one of another.

Moral experience

The term conscience, however, is commonly used with two different meanings which we must now consider. When we say that a man's conscience prompted him or that it pricked him we refer to a flash of moral intuition; but when our conscience compels us to do our work efficiently, or forbids us to gamble, we refer to something which, while built on that flash of intuition, has also passed the test of our judgment, the criticism of our past experience and the advice of those whose opinion we esteem. Having thus received our whole moral and intellectual assent it becomes an integral part of our make up

from which we cannot depart without a sense of sin. The first kind of conscience may mislead us, the second never can. The first may contain the voice of God but may also be warped before we have recognised it, or we may even mistake it for a passing whim that has no divine origin. Since it *may* be of God it demands our attention; since it *may not* be of God it demands our scrutiny. But self-deception is the easiest form of deception and the commonest. Therefore, no amount of personal study, introspection or self-analysis can take the place of the advice and help of others.

I am, therefore, driven to the view (1) that I must attend to the promptings of my conscience, (2) that it will improve in reliability as I rise in morality, (3) that I must submit it to the judgment of others where, however, I am entitled to argue for it, (4) that I must be prepared to hear the conscience of my fellows and speak respectfully but fearlessly about them, (5) that my actions and decisions had better not be taken on the promptings of my own unguided conscience but in the sympathy and fellowship of my Christian friends.

HOW TO RUN A HOSPITAL LIBRARY

THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY and the ORDER OF ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL LIBRARY, the address of which is 48, QUEEN'S GARDENS, LANCASTER GATE, LONDON, W.2, has published a short Booklet of fourteen octavo pages on *How to Run a Hospital Library*. That is also its title. The pamphlet will be invaluable to all members and units of Toc H who are now active in or who are considering the useful service of organising and running a Hospital Library. Toc H is already helping in this way in a good many places.

The first part of the pamphlet deals fully with the qualifications which Librarians should have, their duties, and describes the principles upon which the organisation of such libraries should be based. The second part gives hints upon the arrangement, distribution and cataloguing of the books, and advises as to their nature. In drawing attention, not only to this booklet, but to the job itself, one need do little more perhaps than quote these words from the booklet: "This method of decentralisation which can be carried out in collaboration with the County Librarian, and with such groups of workers as Red Cross and Toc H members, will, by degrees, enable a *permanent Hospital Library Service* to be established throughout the country."

WHAT IS "DOCUMENTARY" ?

The following article, for which we are greatly indebted to Mr. CHARLES REITH, deserves careful study by all members of Toc H who take an intelligent interest in the cinema. We have also to thank Messrs. FABER & FABER, publishers of Documentary Film, by Paul Rotha, for the loan of pictures from that book which are here reproduced.

FOURTEEN years ago a film with the title *The Covered Wagon* made its first appearance in London. Few who saw it have forgotten the vivid pleasure it gave them, a pleasure sharply checked at times by what seemed to be a curious discordancy, difficult to explain or analyse. The story of the film was the famous trek of a group of American settlers westward in 1820 and their slow but irresistible movement across the plains in a huge procession of wagons. There were troubles due to weak leadership and threatened desertions and there were fights with Indians. The human element consisted of a mixed collection of farmers and their wives and families, Indians, and a few guides and trappers, who were all, or nearly all, amateurs to film work. Romance was provided in the form of a stereotyped love affair between the daughter of the farmers' leader and the young officer in charge of the state escort, and these two parts were played by professionals from the film studios. Their acting and the story of their romance were beyond criticism from the point of view of everyday film standards. Why then, did almost every occasion of their appearance and re-appearance on the screen strike an irritating and discordant note?

The enormous financial success of *The Covered Wagon* was at once accepted blindly as proof of the fact that what the public wanted was more Red Indians and more romance. With these two ingredients strongly intensified, a series of films was rapidly produced in close imitation of the original. Their financial failure was an unforgettable and puzzling consequence to their producers.

Although they and the film-trade failed dismally to read the signs and understand the lesson, other minds less grooved and desiccated by the profit motive set to work to investigate the existence of the new phenomena indicated by the success of *The Covered Wagon*. Like the scientists who investigated the phenomena of electricity and other natural forces, they believed themselves to be on the track of the discovery, in the invention of the cinema, of new and powerful forces which rightly used and understood would open new roads of progress in human affairs.

New avenues of appeal

The possibilities of a new, direct and instantaneous appeal to human sympathy and understanding had revealed themselves. Painstaking, and at times almost blind experiments confirmed the fact that a tremendous force for the advancement of social enlightenment awaited exploitation and development, and it soon became an established truth that the exclusive use of the cinema for amusement and entertainment was obscuring and stultifying the real value of the invention. This does not mean that the amusement-film represents pure waste or that it does not serve a deep and useful psychological purpose. But to make use of it solely for ends of amusement and escape is now shown to be as blind and wasteful a procedure as the burning of coal in open grates without regard to the value of its inherent chemical properties for other purposes.

One of the early pioneers in the investigation of the deeper functions of the cinema was Robert Flaherty, the success of whose film *Nanook of the North* (a

picture of Esquimo life) represented an immense step forward in general understanding of possibilities. Here was clear proof of the existence of a new force of direct emotional appeal which could be seen and analysed in its effects in some detail. What had been dimly sensed as the force of the appeal of *The Covered Wagon* was now revealed more clearly as being the drama of man's struggle with his environment and the harmony of emotion established between the onlooker and the individual or individuals depicted. It was clear too that this form of film production touched levels in the emotions of an audience deeper by far than anything that had come out of the fiction-film studios.

To the pioneers, *Nanook* was invaluable in its revelation of technique. To Hollywood, impressed by its financial success, its value lay in the possibilities it suggested of a similar film dealing with the natives of the Pacific Islands, whose nudity might be used with even greater effect in the inflation of profits. Flaherty refused to enslave himself, and pursued his course independently. His best-known film, *Man of Aran*, reveals both his methods and his consummate art, but it is felt by many who are pursuing the same ideals that by avoiding the centres and seeking the confines of civilisation he has missed the main path of progress, which lies not in the revealing of man's fight against primitive nature, but in his struggle with the social and economic problems of modern times.

It was in connection with one of Flaherty's films that the word "documentary" first came into use. Since then it has become the name which represents the entire school of new investigation, and the documentary film has now a distinct and well-defined place of its own apart from films of all other categories such as amusement, educational, instructional, nature, news, etc. But the principles of docu-

mentary may appear, and do appear, in all of them.

Art and Propaganda

Before discussing these principles it is well to consider for a moment the immense effect on film production, and especially on the documentary idea, of the work of certain Russian producers under the new *régime*. It had long been an axiom of art, and many still hold it to be true, that if art is used for purposes of pure propaganda it ceases to be art. This may hold good in the case of certain arts and certain forms of propaganda, but what happened in the sphere of film production in Russia shows that the admixture of propaganda had the direct effect of raising a despised medium of expression into something that is definitely and recognisably an art. The result suggests moreover that in all other branches of art it is our conception of art that is wrong, and not necessarily any evil effect of the application to it of propaganda. It can be argued, and it is argued in many quarters to-day, that art is not art if it is torn from its fundamental roots in craftsmanship and the life of the productive work of the masses which are its origins. The feebleness, aimlessness, degeneracy and lack of direction so visible in all branches of art to-day are diagnosed as being due to the fact of art's severance from the social and economic life of the community. A return to contact with the fundamental elements of inspiration in the social roots of the community is offered as the only hope of art's salvation.

Something in the nature of such a return took place in Russia, and in one form or another it has given new life to all branches of art throughout the world. Faced with an order to make all films a medium of Bolshevik propaganda, the Russian producers found that far from being handicapped by the restriction a

new road lay open at their feet. All that had been regarded in Western countries as the essential bases of film production, the individual life or love story, the hero or heroine foundation, even the pre-conceived essentials of photography and montage—all were quickly found to be hindrances or superfluities to the aims of a new art. The depiction of a workman or a mass of workmen according to established standards was found to be a mere scratching of the surface of the possibilities that were revealed. The new aim became *the revealing of the human being in terms of his social and economic environment*, in terms of his relation as a unit to the other units of the community, and in terms of his individual reaction to his surroundings and of the reaction of his surroundings to him. The end in view was to reveal to the sympathetic understanding of others the lives and struggles of the various individuals and groups who together with those others comprised the community as a whole. Something new came out of Russia. Russian films and the names of Russian film producers became famous throughout the world, less on account of the ideas which they embodied than for the artistic merits of the achievements.

Less has been heard of the Russians since the advent of the talking film, and at the moment, world-leadership in 'documentary' is in the hands of the English groups. The names of John Grierson, Paul Rotha, Donald Taylor, Basil Wright and others are becoming well-known to film-goers in this country. Among the best work produced so far are the films of the G.P.O. unit (e.g., *Night Mail*) under Grierson's auspices, and there are many others, made under individual direction, which have found their way to fame in spite of almost insurmountable obstacles placed in their way by film-trade blindness and jealousy. A few outstanding

examples are Grierson's *Drifters*; Paul Rotha's *Contact* and *The Face of Britain*; Donald Taylor's *Citizens of the Future* and *Lancashire at Work and Play*; and Basil Wright's *The Song of Ceylon*.

Principle of making alive

Let us consider how the aims and principles of 'documentary' are applied in practice. In its simplest form the principle of 'documentary' is to make things come alive. To the average man few things are more dull than the ordinary pavements along which he walks daily upon his various ploys and duties. But a director who was given the task of making a documentary film of pavements would set to work from the standpoint of making them a living interest, and as the subject would be a comparatively easy one for the documentalist, the result would be a film which would provide for those who saw it a lasting sense of pleasure in their daily walks. The ingredients of this effect would be the paving-stone quarries, the buying and selling of stone, the workmen and their lives and daily pleasures and problems, the measuring and laying of pavements, their place in municipal organisation, by-laws and regulations and the responsibilities of householders and landlords, pavement-users in the West-end, in the City, at the docks, in the slums, pavement markets, etc. And each shot would be conceived and carried out with the deliberate design of bringing out the desired state of emotion in the onlooker; in this case a sense of lively interest and even excitement, a feeling that a pavement is a jolly thing, a familiar and pleasing part of his daily life, an interesting part of the community organisation of which he is himself a part. And he would be given also a sense of pleasure in that organisation and in being in part responsible for it as a citizen. Such effects may be seen in action

almost daily in one or other of the cinema theatres. Note the reaction of the audience to any one of the films of the G.P.O. unit; the tension with which it is watched, and the loud spontaneous burst of applause which generally follows it.

To Reason through Emotion

But such films represent only the fringes of the possibilities of 'documentary.' Behind them lie deeper principles and infinitely wider scope for which full expression will be found only in the future. The mechanism of the appeal of 'documentary' may be summed up as being an appeal to the reasoning process directly and instantaneously through the emotions. The normal daily functioning of our reasoning powers is the means, more or less laborious, by which we build up our conclusions and outlook. We boast that we do not form our judgments hastily. For our opinions of our neighbours, Smith and Brown, of Hitler's action in the Rhineland, of the Slum Problem, or of the merits of this or that Charity or Movement, we are at pains to form a slow and self-convincing judgment. Untold wealth is expended daily in the form of the written and the spoken word to move us to our judgments, and the more intensely we are bombarded the stronger become the resistances which we erect, and the deeper become our uncertainty and apathy. But if we examine our thinking processes carefully, and honestly, we shall find that all day long, from morning to night, our minds are registering in rapid succession a series of quick, lightning judgments, not through the functioning of our reasoning powers alone, but through the functioning of our emotions and their power of commanding our reason at the orders of the unconscious mind in each of us. It is this process that the documentalists seek to influence. The movement of a mail train

speeding through the countryside may rouse no emotion in us by itself. We are likely to resist unconsciously any such demand to rouse us, if we are aware of it. But when that train movement is carried suddenly and harmoniously under our eyes into the movement of an excited galloping collie dog, into a flight of frightened skimming partridges, into the scurrying of rabbits to their burrows, and the train is set before us again, the effect (proved daily recently at the Carlton Cinema in London) is an emotional sense of well-being which leads us to a new and enlightened judgment in our appreciation of the train, of the whole subject of postal arrangements, and of the whole subject of community organisation.

A young Art with great scope

The above series of sequences affords also a clear example of the difference between documentary and films which are classed as instructional, educational, etc. A purely instructional or educational film of the night mail in being would confine itself to an explanation of the mechanical function, with the aim of giving simple instruction and information to the public. Such films fulfil a definite purpose in the life of the community which neither competes with nor interferes with the purposes of 'documentary' and its goal of deeper and more serious issues. This goal is still far distant. Notwithstanding their successes, the producers and directors of documentary would be the first to acknowledge that they have scarcely begun to move along the road which lies before them. No blame can be attached to them for the delay while they remain dependent for financial support on sources of inspiration such as Government Departments and the larger commercial and industrial organisations whose payment for the music entitles them to call the tune. The *motif* of this,



A SCENE FROM 'THE COVERED WAGON' (Cruze).

"When *The Covered Wagon* went into production as an ordinary 'western' in 1924, and through some unique freak of fortune emerged as an epic of national endeavour, we find the American amusement film first making use of background for its own sake. . . . That its producers were incapable of diagnosing the reason for its success is suggested by the imitations which followed. Improvements on the original were attempted. The endeavours were made more dangerous, the achievements more heroic and further fictional interest was added, thus showing that the magnates completely failed to appreciate that *The Covered Wagon's* appeal lay in the essential simplicity of its epic theme."—Paul Rotha in *Documentary Film*, pp. 79—80.



A SCENE FROM 'MAN OF ARAN' (Flaherty).

"The most recent example of the romantic school, *Man of Aran*, gives us the idyllic documentary method at its most developed Nearly two years in production, he found on this rugged island a perfect location for the Flaherty method—a place where Man could be observed in all his primitive philosophy of living, epitomised by the eternal struggle against his enemy, the Sea. The conflict between Man and Nature has never before been so well staged, nor have the visual qualities of sea and wave been so well photographed. . . . There are moments when the instinctive caressing of the camera over the natural movements of a boy fishing, or of men against the horizon, bring a flutter to your senses; so beautiful in feeling and so perfect in reproduction that their image may seem indelible. And again there are moments when you recollect your thoughts and wonder whether dawdling over a woman carrying wet seaweed across the beach, beautiful in itself to behold, is really important."—Paul Rotha in *Documentary Film*, pp. 85–86.



A SCENE FROM ' EKSTASE ' (Machaty).

"Both Machaty and Dovjenko are exponents of the imagist method; the former in his concluding sequence to *Ekstase* and the latter in *Ivan*. It is a method that pursues the creation of mood from rhythms, as in musical form, but gives the mood a fullness of illumination by reference to attendant poetic images, at once contemplative and literary in quality. It takes a common event and enlarges upon the actual happening by a wide reference to its many associations, human and otherwise. It brings the element of poetry, by visual and actual image, to illuminate the commonplace. And it is this integration of images with movement that creates the hang-over impression when the film is past and done."—Paul Rotha in *Documentary Film*, p. 165.



A SCENE FROM ' TELEPHONE WORKERS ' (Legg).

" It is gratifying to find that where the cinema has explored this field, particularly in the bringing to life of the public services, such as the late E.M.B. (Empire Marketing Board) and the present G.P.O. films attempt, public interest is forthcoming. Far from resenting the instructional element, there is overwhelming evidence of the audience's interest in such, although it is still a hard task to persuade the cinema exhibitor or renter of its existence. Nevertheless, despite their present restricted field of theatre exhibition, films of the working of the telephone system or of the running of the far-flung air-routes have attracted considerable attention and have begun to build up an audience more stable than that accumulated by the story film."—Paul Rotha in *Documentary Film*, p. 36.

too often, is contentment and satisfaction with the existing order of affairs. It is to the credit of these supporters, nevertheless, that they have been enlightened enough to cherish the tender but now firmly-rooted plant of 'documentary,' and thus ensure for it a permanent existence in the hostile jungle of the film trade.

These are facts that need not blind us. Little imagination is required to give us a vision of the future of 'documentary' in the sphere of the spread of social enlightenment and understanding for which it is already well adapted and awaiting only the active recognition of its real financial

necessities to enable its creators to achieve their ideals. Its power for the furthering of the work of social welfare is unlimited, not only for the moving of mankind to insistence on the removal of such cankers in the social body as slums and undernourishment, but to bring home to each of us a fuller realisation and understanding of the social and economic forces of the age in which we live, and of the essential truth that our individual needs are inseparable from those of the community of which we are a part. Even greater is the scope of 'documentary' in the field of international relations. C. R.

THE ELDER BRETHREN

D. A. Parfitt: Letchworth Branch

By the death on February 7, at the age of 66, of D. A. PARFITT, Letchworth lost a founder member, its first Pilot and a man highly regarded for his desire to serve and for his absolute sincerity.

E. W. Green: Camden Group

Padre GREEN, Vicar of Campden, joined Toc H in 1924 and through his work at the Tower of London became attached to All Hallows. He introduced Toc H into Campden and watched its growth. He had a distinguished War service as a chaplain, in 1929 being promoted Assistant Chaplain General to the Forces and appointed to Malta. The Parish and the Group will feel the loss of the inspiration of his life and work.

R. J. Stevenson: Dartford Branch

Padre STEVENSON, Minister to Dartford Congregational Church, was a great worker to the cause of Christian unity. His own life, filled with kindness and sympathy for others, was based upon a strong will which held fast to the things he felt to be right. He died at the age of 72 after a year's painful illness courageously borne. His encouragement and strength will be greatly missed by the Dartford Branch.

Stanley W. Stigwood: Dulwich Branch

The Branch were sorry to hear of the death of STAN STIGWOOD at Bournemouth on March 16, at the early age of 29. They have lost the inspiration of one who fought a dread disease for years with great courage and cheerfulness.

E. A. Barratt: Letchworth Branch

E. A. BARRATT, who died on March 18, was secretary of the hospital, to which he gave wholehearted service. The Branch lose also in him their first Jobmaster, a strong character and a tireless worker.

Gilbert Williams: Cardiff Branch

As Toc H Cardiff went about its avocation it discovered GILBERT WILLIAMS, who for some years had been ill and lonely at the Glanely Hospital. His remarkable fortitude and unfailing cheerfulness endeared him to all the fellows, so much so, that to visit Gilbert was a tonic. He will be remembered with very proud thanksgiving. Although he could not attend Toc H meetings he was made a member of the Family of Toc H, and it appears that Toc H in South Wales must and will make the effort to retain his grave as something sacred to Gilbert and themselves.

A CREED FOR TOC H ?

IT is indeed encouraging to read in the TOC H JOURNAL a plea for narrow-mindedness. It is encouraging to know that at least one Toc H man has not bowed to the modern bogey, its converse—open-mindedness. Some Toc H men are so open-minded that a positive draught blows through their brains.

We have been hearing lately of the "mind of Toc H." Now Toc H is founded upon the basis of Christ; Toc H is bidden to love with the love of Christ; to build with the bravery of Christ; and to spread, with the utmost zeal, Christ's Kingdom. If we are going to do these things properly—indeed if we are going to do them at all; if Toc H is going to do the work of Christ, then the mind of Toc H must be identical with the mind of Christ. Would not Toc H do well to ponder for a while upon its answer to the question which Jesus Himself put to His disciples—"What think ye of Christ?"? And a primary question to this is—"What think ye of God?"

As a padre, one often comes into contact with this question. To the average man-in-the-street the question is—"Does God exist?" He doubts it, so he says. His doubts make a good excuse for having nothing to do with religion. The Toc H man daren't deny, or even doubt, the existence of God. So instead he says that God is "a kind of spirit which is in all things," or that God is everywhere, and that he can worship God better in nature or in service than in a church. God the Creator and Sustainer of the universe is beyond his ken. In the outside world this is called pantheism, and as such is condemned by Christians; in Toc H it is winked at and called the "search after reality." Toc H is becoming permeated with pantheism; no wonder it so blatantly refers to itself as 'God's Show.' "I think

of God as a Spirit and Brother, always willing to share things with me," said one Toc H man, "I cannot think of Him as a little tin god who wants my worship." This type of thing must have its effect in practical life; it must alter one's conception of Christ, and as such it must alter one's conception of the mind of Christ.

Christ as God-made-Man is out of the question for these quasi-pantheists. Christ is merely a good, brotherly reformer whose ideals we have to try to copy. The supernatural elements of the Christ of the Gospels are all myth. He was a man—a great, elder brother; but beyond that, nothing more. The implications which follow are theological, but they also have a practical significance. How can Christ be the Saviour of the World if He is just a vague distant reformer? How can we talk of giving our troubles to Christ if His shoulders are no broader than a man's can be? The fact is we cease to regard Christ as our Saviour; we cease to give our troubles to Christ; we trust in ourselves. And trusting in ourselves is the first step towards worshipping ourselves. Instead of building the Kingdom of God, we start building the kingdom of man disguised under the name of the Kingdom of God. If our understanding of the attributes of God is weak or false, then our conception of His Kingdom will be weak and false. What is the use of building bravely if we are not building the right thing?

Unless Toc H is to come tumbling down because of bad foundations for its building, it must face the problem—"What must Toc H believe?" We must say to our new friends-and-brothers-to-be, "What do you believe?" Unless all our friends-and-brothers-to-be can reply "I believe in God Almighty, and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, Our Lord," and unless they can mean by that reply very much what orthodox

Christianity means, then Toc H will rapidly become, if not a non-Christian movement, at least only semi-Christian. And what in the name of all that is won-

derful is the use of a semi-Christian thing? If we can't be full Christians, let us at least be honest. But honesty is called by the world, "narrow-mindedness." W. WALLS.

TOC H COLOURS

MANY members of Toc H, if they have thought about it at all, have been mystified to know why there has always been a standing request that they should obtain their Toc H ties, scarves and blazer badges through C. R. THOMPSON, Limited, our official outfitter. Therefore, it would appear to be high time that the whole business is explained, especially as some say that the ties, whether sold at half-a-crown or three-and-sixpence, are absolutely rotten and several other things besides!

The only object in limiting the source of supply to one place is to prevent hundreds of retail stores from stocking Toc H colours and the subsequent sale to all and sundry, or, in other words, to unauthorised persons. Occasionally, a disgruntled member, feeling that he is being robbed, decides to make his own arrangements and thereupon goes to his pet outfitter and asks for a Toc H tie; the pet outfitter goes to a maker who, in turn, goes to the cloth manufacturer, and the three being most excellent business men, decide that as Toc H has units all over the country, they have a very good opportunity in a big way. The net result is that we find Toc H ties in all sorts of shops for sale to the general public, and on more than one occasion our official outfitter has been requested by the brutal Registrar to buy in these pirate stocks to prevent them from coming into unauthorised hands.

I make no plea that the official tie has been perfect in the past, but the firm of Thompson's has had to accept criticism for ties which it has never had a hand in producing. Also, I may as well confess that Thompson is only an agent who acts in this matter under the Registrar's orders and also that Toc H has a share in the financial end of this tie business.

Efforts have now been made to produce a

really good range of Toc H ties, but, realising that it is almost impossible to please everybody, I gently suggest that if anybody is still dissatisfied, they can best serve Toc H in this matter by refraining from wearing a Toc H tie instead of attempting to buy through other sources. After all, there is still the button-hole badge!

The new range is as follows:—

- (a) **POPLIN TIE:** Made of silk and wool; crease-resisting up to a certain point and can be washed. The price is 2/6d. and it can be obtained in half-dozen lots by unit Secretaries at 27/- per dozen.
- (b) **SILK TIE:** Made of silk and artificial silk; similar in appearance to the pure silk tie. The price is the same as for the Poplin Tie.
- (c) **PURE SILK TIE:** Similar to the present 3/6d. tie, but improved. The price is 3/6d., and half-dozen lots can be obtained at 39/- per dozen.
- (d) **NON-CREASE TIE:** Made of pure silk. This was previously supplied for 6/- and can now be obtained for 5/-, and half-dozen lots will be supplied at 54/- per dozen.

Postage on single ties is 1½d. and postage will be paid by the official outfitter on all orders of not less than £1 nett.

All orders should be sent to Messrs. C. R. THOMPSON, LTD., 41, Railway Approach, London Bridge, London, S.E.1, and not to Headquarters. Individual members, when ordering, should enclose their current membership card.

I hope that this time we shall succeed in pleasing most members and also that unit Secretaries will note that there is nothing in the contract which compels them to sell at the retail price, or to make a profit for the unit.

W.J.M.

JOBS VARIOUS—IV

Boxing Litter

ONE Group in the South of England has chosen as one of its adventures the solution of the litter problem on 500 acres of common land owned by the National Trust. The land is within the local borough, but as the Trust are the owners, the Borough Council disown responsibility for litter clearance, while the local Committee of the National Trust cannot afford to pay for labour. Friction between the two bodies has resulted.

The local Toc H Unit aimed at breaking down the friction and influencing public opinion in the direction of facing up to its responsibilities. The following letter, sent to the local press, tells its own story:—

ADVENTURE AT OUR DOORS.

"Sir, For some months past we have been in search of adventure; something to fill our leisure hours in the coming Spring and in which we all can join, for much of the joy of adventure is the fellowship which it creates. We believe now that we have found it, and at our very doors.

"We dream of the Thicket and the other National Trust land cleared of all the litter and rubbish which defiles its beauty, especially in the Summer. That would be our first objective. The second and more difficult would be to persuade ourselves and all who visit the Thicket to respect its loveliness, and leave behind only two things—nothing, and our gratitude to God who gave it to us.

"Having great faith in our fellow beings, we believe it can be done. If every man and woman, boy and girl in the town, who cares for the Thicket, would volunteer to clean up a few square yards, the job could be done in a very few weeks during the Spring. The provision of litter boxes, some educational propaganda, and perhaps a small corps of Honorary Wardens would soon achieve the second objective, and then, what a thrill the achievement of it all would be!

"Toc H, and the Scouts and Guides before them, have all nibbled at this great adventure from time to time. The heap of old iron near

Thicket Corner represents the smaller part of a week-end's work by a handful of men on a couple of acres. The rest was burnt—a bonfire to delight the heart of any youngster.

"But there are 500 more acres still to clear and this will mean careful organisation and the willing co-operation of at least as many volunteers. It is this idea of working together in a common endeavour for the good of all which appeals to us tremendously. The Corporation and the National Trust have already promised their co-operation, and other offers of help have started to come in from Rovers, Scouts and Guides. Will everybody help? It would be a great adventure, and even Dick Turpin's spirit might bless our undertaking! If the idea thrills you, will you please write and tell us.

"Because we are all of one mind in this Adventure of Youth, we sign ourselves simply Toc H IN —."

It was followed up by others. The land was combed of litter and more was thrown down in its place. The task may take several years, for public opinion is slowly moulded, but it will be done because the will is there. Toc H is now "well in" both with the Corporation and the National Trust. Friction has disappeared, the Corporation have already carted away rubbish collected up to date and Toc H is now represented on the local Trust Committee. Litter boxes are being provided and ways and means of raising funds for extra "rangers" discussed *ad infinitum*.

The litter problem is still there, but so also is the general desire to do something about it, and in the doing of it a new spirit of fellowship has sprung up where apathy and indifference reigned before.

And Journal Boxes

On a small open space, in one of the busiest thoroughfares in N—, stands a Pillar-box. Not one of His Majesty's-red but sporting the Toc H colours instead; and, in place of the usual front plate is fixed an invitation to place in the box periodicals and papers for sending to the N— Institution.

If ever there was a silent salesman, here

you have it. In two years a generous public placed no less than 47,343 newspapers, magazines and periodicals in the box; and entirely without continuous drumming-up. From the start, in 1930, with the exception of an occasional letter in the local press of thanks to the public, there has been no advertising of our box; it has done its work silently and consistently. And to-day the supply is still consistent and shows no signs of falling off. The box itself has made many friends, as we well know by the regular dropping in of certain not-too ordinary types of literature; many people, when they have saved a few of their own favourite magazines, tie them in a bundle and drop them in our box; we look for these little tokens of regularity every now and again, and there, sure enough, they will be. Perhaps our box is helping some folk to become 'Toc H' without knowing it!

Enough of the box itself; what of its contents? The box is emptied regularly; papers, magazines etc. sorted and arranged, and every week are delivered to the Poor Law Institution, where they are distributed by the Staff amongst the inmates. One may take it that each paper or periodical should provide at least fifteen minute's enjoyment for its reader; one may then arrive at the following pretty little sum $47,343\frac{1}{4}$ hours = 493 days; 493 days solid enjoyment in reading for folk who otherwise would not see much of what is going on in the world. Most of these papers are passed from hand to hand, so that we don't require a great deal of imagination to assume the great happiness that is ultimately derived from a weekly job of collecting, sorting and delivering literature which would otherwise be prematurely consumed in domestic or municipal furnaces.

There is another side, too. Many, many of the good folk who live at B— look on Toc H as a very real friend to them and keenly anticipate the weekly bundle of papers, not only for their news value, but as a welcome reminder that they are not forgotten by their unknown friends outside. In fact, our humble idea that sprang out of looking for a job for a new group, has grown into a very stout bridge—from those members of the public who, consistently and with un-

failing regularity, week by week since 1930; through the Toc H box and its guardians; to that large number of dear people who have had to take refuge in the N— Institution.

Whichever way you look at it—a worthwhile job.

A Dramatic Job

The following quotation describes how a unit of Toc H in the South West Country found an outlet for its activity and its ideas in home-made drama.

"Our first effort in the dramatic line was a series of tableaux illustrating the Four Points of the Compass. This encouraged our rather shy members to attempt something more, and they urged the writing of a play. The result was a very beautifully produced drama telling the story of St. Thomas' mission to India according to the old legend. So thoroughly did our actors catch the spirit of the thing that a retired Civil Servant, who had spent his life in the East, said that he had never before seen a play so true to its atmosphere. With regard to the deeper value of these earlier efforts, I can record the comment of a lady who was helping behind the scenes in one of them, and who said how deeply she was impressed by the spirit of those taking part and the complete good fellowship and absence of any kind of friction that prevailed.

"Also the Nativity mystery, 'The Outcasts' (not, of course, our own composition in this case), given at the conclusion of 'St. Thomas' made a very deep and lasting spiritual impression on the audience.

"Our last pageant play, this time again our own, 'Bread upon the Waters,' tracing the influence of the translation of the Bible into English, through the reform under John Hus in Bohemia, and his martyrdom, and on to its ultimate effect in the 18th century revival of religion in England, and this pioneer work of foreign missions has also been well worth while. For instance, one of the audience said, 'It makes one feel one ought to live a better life,' and another wished that the play could be taken by some regular company round England for the sake of the influence he believed it would exert."

PRELUDE TO READING—I.

Style is the craft in which a writer sends out his reader upon the adventure of literature. How far the traveller goes depends upon the worthiness of the vessel; sometimes a cargo of good thoughts is sunk through over-loading, sometimes lost in a hulk astray in the windiest verbiage: occasionally so built, compact and rightly trimmed to the needs of the occasion it conquers the world of imagination and finds out new country for the mind. These notes explain the difference between great, good and ordinary writing.

MOST of us hate writing because we think it dull, but writing need not be dull for anyone except dull people. People find it dull because they make it dull for themselves.

Not long ago I saw Chelsea and West Ham play. There were some brilliant players who gave the huge crowd a thrill whenever they had the ball, because they were alive enough not to do the dull, obvious, mechanical thing: instead they did the unexpected thing and caught their opponents unaware. Other players were sound but not brilliant, everyone was ready for what they would do and they did it.

The same with writing. There is a dull mechanical way of writing, which thrills no one. It is a statement of fact with no feeling attached to it. Here is one:—

- I. About twenty Clocks in the shop ticked at different rates according to their makes and sizes. They made a fairly big noise and reminded him that time was slipping by.

This is as dull as ditch-water, no pleasure to write or read. But if you add any sort of feeling to it, it becomes less dull. Let us try experiments. I will add to the same facts a feeling of impatience and annoyance.

- II. The filthy hovel was alive with senseless repetitive tickings of not less than twenty exasperating clocks. It was as though they were all nagging at him in the displeasure of petty virtue, some with the rapid utterance of irritated women, others with the grave reproval of slobbering old dotards,—as if he needs *them* to tell him that Time was valuable.

No we will add feelings of 'antiquity' and moralising both at once.

- III. A score of ancient horologes in the shop ceased not to tick at divers speeds, some hastily, others slowly as be seemed their dignity. Not one but would fain declare to him that, howsoever he might escape the bondage of Man, Time would yet remain his Lord and Master.

And now a rather 'Selfridgy' feeling.

- IV. This sumptuous emporium exhibited upwards of twenty magnificent clocks, covering a wide range of exquisite masterpieces of workmanship. Gorgeous ormolus ticked with the swift exactitude of faultless mechanism and many others audibly announced the passage of time, especially the heavy pendulums with their sonorous beat.

And now a still more commercial feeling.

- V. The stock of timepieces totalled about 20. As antique lines some could be priced at a high figure and even the grandfathers were in good enough going order to be marketable without outlay on re-conditioning and to remind him by their ticking that the agent would soon be along.

And, lastly, the original out of R. L. Stevenson's short murder-story *Markheim*. I do not know how to describe the feeling that he adds to the facts.

- VI. Time had some score of small voices in that shop, some stately and slow as was becoming to their great age, others garrulous and hurried. All these tolled out the seconds in an intricate chorus of tickings.

Of course it is impossible to add feeling to facts if you have none to add. But most people have some feeling about some facts and should therefore enjoy writing about them. Most people also, by putting themselves in other people's positions can have some feeling of facts that they have not actually met with. For instance I do not usually feel 'Selfridgy' but in writing No. IV., I put myself into the shoes of a 'Selfridgy' person for the time.

It is never easy to express one's feeling about facts. Constant effort is required to find the right words and to put them in the best order. If it were easy there would be no fun in it. But it becomes a bit less difficult by practice. You can practice by writing anything you like, provided that you have feeling to express as well as fact, and provided that you are not satisfied until you have found the best words to express that feeling. K.

HOLIDAYS AND PEACE

HOLIDAYS! There is something magical in the word. With the onset of Spring and the prospects of warmer, sunnier weather, our thoughts at once begin to turn to arrangements for the only two or perhaps three weeks of the year when most of us will be at liberty to renounce the 'trivial round and common task' and evacuate the scene which claims our presence for the major part of the year.

Travel, whether at home or abroad, is nowadays a highly perfected art, so much so in fact, that a good many of us prefer to escape from the clutches of the various agencies which flaunt their wares in every newspaper and on every hoarding and wend our own peaceful way without their aid.

It is with no desire to flaunt our wares or to restore you to these clutches that I write of the holiday arrangements of the INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP LEAGUE. The League is a non-commercial body which is not concerned with the organisation of holidays for private profit; neither is it merely a holiday organisation. It exists simply and solely to promote international friendship amongst the different nationalities of the world and the holidays through which it seeks to express in a practical manner the ideals which sustain it, are therefore different in character from most.

I do not suggest that you may be wishful of probing into the League's antecedents to satisfy yourself of its integrity, but a brief outline of its history and present organisation will no doubt be welcome. The movement which is in friendly revolt from the academic peacemaker, originated in 1931 when a party of students from Berlin came to this country as the guests of a group of people in Sussex. At the conclusion of the visit it was decided to form the INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP LEAGUE to encourage widespread inter-visitation among various countries. In the following year, 250 younger people from France, Belgium, Germany and Holland came to England and 250 English people went abroad. Since that time the movement

has spread rapidly: branches have sprung up, the number of holiday centres has increased and last year over 2,000 people visited holiday centres in ten different countries. The League is strongest in England only because England was its birthplace but national sections have also made their appearance in Belgium, France, Norway and Switzerland and these sections are as a rule organised by means of branches whose members meet regularly to discuss topics relating to international friendship and to arrange the holiday centres which they themselves equip and staff voluntarily. In other countries there are co-operating societies and individuals.

With voluntary work, by obtaining the loan of public buildings and arranging for group travel, holidays are brought within the reach of people of limited means and they are thus given an opportunity not only of seeing new places but of meeting new people, making personal friendships with the man who becomes less and less of a 'foreigner' as we know him better. Not only does the traveller meet those of the country he is visiting but also those of other countries who in their turn are visiting international friendship centres not only to meet the French, Swiss, Dutch and other nationalities, but also the 'foreigner' who we in our sophistication call an Englishman.

Efforts are made to ensure that the visitor meets different classes of people as well as his own. Civic authorities lend their co-operation by extending special facilities whilst various local and national organisations accord their practical support.

Although the major objective is not the provision of excellent holidays, great care is taken in their arrangement so that conditions for the fostering of international friendship are ideal in every respect, and in the wide variety of different types of holiday an appeal is made to all.

In Paris, Brussels, Oslo and Prague, accommodation is provided in comfortable University buildings and a fortnight's holiday, including return travel from London, all food

and accommodation costs £8, £5 17s. 6d., £11 15s. od., and £12 15s. od. respectively. If you prefer holidays in mountaineering districts, there is a choice of two centres in the Austrian Salzkammergut at £13 (or combined with Vienna for an extra week, £15), our chalet at Les Diablerets at £11 or in the Tatras which may be visited from Prague. Seaside centres are situated on the Belgian Coast at £5 10s. od. and at San Sebastian in Spain at £11 5s. od. There are several centres in Germany, and in Berlin or Cologne accommodation is provided with German families; there is the popular centre in Frankfurt and a new one in the Black Forest for those who enjoy walking holidays. The

prices of these holidays varies from £6 15s. od. Other centres are situated in the Ardennes, in the French Alps at Lake Annecy, at Pau in the Pyrenees, at Düsseldorf, in the Thuringian Forest, at Lake Farris or Elvesaeter in the Jotunheimen Mountains of Norway and at Montreux on the shores of Lake Geneva.

Here is a full programme of holidays by means of which we are trying to assist in the creation and maintenance of peace throughout the world. Here is an opportunity for all to meet friends from abroad in the happy circumstances of holiday-making and to make a practical contribution towards the solution of the problem of peace. RONALD PLANT.

The address of the International Friendship League is 13, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1.

LINES

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling).

IF you can keep your head, whilst some old member
In a loud voice is laying down the law
Unalterable. If you can remember
To listen fairly with a stiffened jaw
To ten remarks at once. If you can witness
And not be deafened by the slamming door
As dear old Bill (the soul of life and fitness)
Comes home to roost at five to nine (or more).

IF you can hold your faith when all seems wavering,
Keeping your punch for aims you feel are strong,
And yet respect the other blokes' quaint hawing
And find opposing views, new light, though wrong.
If you can hear with patience passing pity
The old refrain "Do Something, but don't talk"
And still next day convene the same Committee,
Read to the same blind lady who can't walk.

IF you can hear from District Blokes and like it,
Feeling more hopeful than you did before.
If Guard of Lamp reports don't seem intricate,
If members count on you for more and more.
If you can see beneath a meal, a power
Of real good to open Friendship's door
Deciding that Guests prefer pure leaf and flower
Rather than sweepings from the warehouse floor.

IF you can hope that jobs will be forthcoming
And (what is more) that men will follow suit,
That piloted through fog, the ship be humming
To some far Port who's welcome's not to shoot.
If you can trust that in the dim Hereafter
Toc H will not be Units, but Man's Soul,
Then I suggest, old son, you've cause for laughter,
For in that joyful spirit lies our goal.

"41.3.36."

A BAG OF BOOKS

The Gospel and Social Revolt

CHRIST AND COMMUNISM, by Stanley Jones. This review by TOM SAVAGE is taken with acknowledgments from the April issue of The Compass of South Africa.

I beg you not to be put off by the title of this book, which might indicate that it holds no treasures for the reader not interested in political theory. That is far from being the case. It was indeed the challenge to Christianity presented by Communism as he saw it operating in Russia, that moved Stanley Jones to write this book. But his aim is to show that, to implement His great general principles, Christ laid down a programme of action and that His programme, carried out with all its implications, alone can present the world with an adequate alternative to Marxian Communism, which is spreading like wildfire in the East and kindling in men's hearts and minds a missionary fervour of response. He writes:

"The Christian Revolution must be founded in corrections as deep—and deeper than Marxian Communism. It must rest upon foundations that are the very foundations of the universe. It must go as deep as personal individual need and as wide as human relationships extend. It must gather up into itself all the good in all other endeavours to remake the world, including Communism, and not destroy but complete and fulfil them, but it must go beyond them. Can we find such a conception as this in the Christian Gospels? If it is there, it must be honestly there and not something smuggled into the account by 'a species of exegetical legerdemain.' We must not read meanings into the account and then triumphantly read them out again. For the universe will not back lies, not even religious lies."

The writer then goes on to state his conviction that Jesus Christ proclaimed His programme when, after His baptism and ordeal in the wilderness, He returned to His own village of Nazareth and spoke in the Synagogue. The roll of the prophet Isaiah was handed to Him, and from it, with a certain significant omission, He took the words which voiced His own mission: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor; He hath sent me to proclaim release to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year

of the Lord." He closed the book . . . and He began to say unto them, "To-day hath this Scripture been fulfilled in your ears." Those last significant words imply, as Stanley Jones says, that His programme started there and then. He points out that the significant omission of the final words "and the day of vengeance of our God" mark off the Christian programme from all others, for the salvation offered men to-day through Hitlerism, Fascism, and Communism, all include an element of vengeance on the so-called enemies of the system, whether they be Jew, bourgeois, or socialist.

The bulk of this most thought-provoking book is then given to the analysis of Christ's programme under six heads:—

i. *Good news to the poor.*—The economically disinherited. "When we don't know what to do with a thing," he says, "we spiritualise it." It is time we took Christ at His word and realised that, as the parable of Dives and Lazarus shows, it is almost impossible to have fellowship across an economic chasm. The Christian world hesitates to believe this and finds it a good deal easier to be charitable than to be just.

ii. *Release to the captives.*—The socially and politically disinherited. The whole question of race and colour disqualification is raised in this chapter in a way that must challenge any Toc H man trying to "think fairly."

iii. *The opening of the eyes of the blind.*—The physically disinherited. And here we are bidden to consider the fact that Christ brought not merely comfort but healing and His followers must do the same.

iv. *The setting at liberty the bruised.*—The morally and spiritually disinherited. Here is a chapter on those who have bruised themselves by their own falls, and our obligation towards them—another fruitful chapter for any who seek to "love widely."

v. *The Lord's year of jubilee*.—A new beginning on a world scale.

vi. *The Spirit of the Lord upon me*.—The dynamic behind it all. Stanley Jones is observant of the fact that the world seems to contain many who claim to possess the Christian dynamic, but do very little with it, while there are others with programmes of world-redemption but who pay little or no attention to the dynamic that must be behind any programme.

"They are interested in goodness to the poor, the release of captives, and so on. They feel desperately that these things are the important things and that all talk of spiritual power is spiritual moonshine. These are the

humanists in our midst. They are usually sincere and desperately in earnest. But most of them grow tired . . . They lack inner resources, and hence life becomes too much for them."

The book emphasises the necessity of combining the Christian dynamic with a thought-out programme. It would form a most fruitful basis for Toc H study circles. It finishes in a most practical way with a chapter entitled "The next steps," and this especially should be useful to Toc H groups who rightly suspect talk which does not lead on to taking steps to transform aspirations into action.

Read this book without fail. T. J. S.

AT THE PLAY

Quality Street

The Toc H Drama League gave their services again to charity on April 17, 18 and 20, with performances of *Quality Street*, by Sir James Barrie at the Arts' Theatre and Sadlers' Wells (April 20) respectively. Their production deserves a rich reward for the TOWER HILL IMPROVEMENT SCHEME for whom it was undertaken. A good scheme, a good play, and good acting, all of interest to Toc H, since Tubby inspired the scheme, Sir James Barrie was once a lamplighter at the 1923 Festival, and the players are part of our activities.

Quality Street as a play creates a world of its own. It captures a period as surely as Jane Austen did, who lived and wrote in it. For two hours the creatures of the dramatist are real to us and demand our sympathy without any awkward reminder on our part of the difference, so vast, between the sensibility of an age foreign to us in domestic thought and expression: which is strange, because we do not altogether regard these stage creatures with historical perspective. They are, in some degree, an aspect of ourselves. Period, costume, associations of 'Regency' Romance, do not matter; it is the projection of life, then, now, and at any other time, seen through the eyes of Sir James. It is done with the touch of a major dramatist. There is an atmosphere in the handling of

this play, which, though vulnerable in so many ways to criticism, gives it the spacious sense of Art as distinct from fine competence of craft. The delicious contrivance of plot and comic situation is, in its kind, of that class which includes *As You Like It*; it is no more incredible in the accident of its events; and (which is everything to the point) it is stamped with the same hall-mark of poetic penetration. Plays such as these must be swallowed whole. They are the world translated, and sincerity with genius together make what they will of them. It is that penetration which tells. Sir James Barrie has the prerogative, by the same token, to stretch our belief, to invade the sacred sentimentalities of existence, which are now so precious that most people fight hard-boiled to preserve them from scrutiny, and to touch the imagination with the first threads of the heart. Under his treatment, the common or usual becomes significant. To-day we are advised to reject him. What! to miss this *Lob* of the Theatre? That we know is impossible. *Quality Street* reminds us that if Jane Austen has her 'Janeites,' Barrie must always have his clan. When all the jibes are thrown and the shooting-out of tongues at his shallow thought withdrawn, there still remains the dramatist who, in the narrow limit of half-a-dozen lines, can change laughter into

momentary tears and makes his audience perceive as they feel. He is not embarrassed, nor are they: the sincerity of the mind that wrote *Courage* can disregard the vagaries of intellectual fashion by its own vision of men and women and the trifles, like gold dust in a blue and white room, by which they are betrayed. We must take *Lob's* world or leave it; we are vulgar to despise.

Sincerity was the keynote of the Drama League's performance. The first act began uncertainly, mainly because the ladies of Quality Street lacked precision of attack. In the age of the Backboard! Lamentable, but perhaps women to-day have forgotten how to carry their clothes and we must expect charm only from them and leave the rest. But as the play progressed so did they, creditably and credibly. This was particularly true of *Miss Susan Throssel* (Miss Wissler) and *Miss Phæbe* 'of the ringlets'; they began with a tendency to recite their lines and parade emotion but finished with flying colours. Perhaps the entrance of Mr. Hooper as *Valentine Brown* brought them speedily to conviction. Mr. Hooper did many things well. He walked in with the 'period,' he set character not only tingling under his own skin but called it from the skins of others; he tightened up the pace and led the underlings in natural convincing acting and then he forgot his lines. We forgive him for it because he gave us one of the most satisfactory performances we have seen from any member of the Toc H Drama League. Miss Statham's *Phæbe* was some-

what robust and she did not quite make the distinction which is there between *Phæbe* as aunt and *Phæbe* as niece '*Lavy*'; her comedy was sometimes too broad. There is, however, no doubt of her charm and range of emotional acting. Miss Wissler found the right tenderness for a kindly minded and brave spinster. Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Martin as those gallant warriors, *Ensign Blades* and *Lieut. Spicer*, played in two neat disciplined studies of coxcombry and *hauteur*; of the rest, Miss Noakes as *Patty* began with frills on her behaviour but settled down to sound, solid acting, and Mr. Barrett, a little more 'Berry-ish' than 'Barrie,' managed well in a part not entirely his.

Mr. Ledward, the producer, deserves all credit for the way in which the play lived, with the players conscious of each other and the 'fourth wall.' That is an achievement only of the best Amateur Societies. The design of the stage was delicate and right, but the lighting could have been watched more closely; a room doesn't remain light or even grow lighter, as dusk falls in the street. We could, too, have had more definition in movement, more of it during the smaller scenes and a greater use of pauses. Characters, like people, often think before they act. Lastly, there were those delightful children from Miss Fairbairn's Mayfair School of Dancing, among them the assurance of *Master Arthur Wellesley Tomson*, in the smock of *Master Purcell*, one of those sons that are, but never have been, for folk like *Susan*, or perhaps for *Lob*.

FOOTBALL IN FLANDERS FIELDS

OUR touch with our Belgian friends is of many years standing and many-sided, but members of Toc H have not played football on Flanders soil since some of them managed to forget the War for a few hours, doing so a good many years ago. This Easter, however, the London Toc H Soccer Club took a team over to the Old House for two 'international' matches. At Ypres they played and beat the local Belgian team by two goals to nil; at Poperinghe they won by four to nil. There was fine weather, fair play and friendly games. The local 'fans' gave our teams a warm welcome and the children of Poperinghe even learnt the names of players well enough to greet them in the street. At each match the Belgian captain presented his 'opposite number' with a gorgeous bouquet of flowers, which was later laid on the local Belgian War Memorial. The Poperinghe F.C. also gave the Toc H team an inscribed cup, which will, let us hope, be on view at the Festival in June.

THE OPEN HUSTINGS

Pools and Fools

DEAR EDITOR,

What is Toc H going to do about this present craze for gambling? We know it has been growing for years, in horse racing, on the Stock Exchange, with Greyhound racing, and now football is becoming infected by this foul growth. The amazingly rapid growth of football pools during the past year or so is almost unbelievable. During the past few weeks the matter has been brought before the public owing to the controversy between the Pools and the Football Association.

At a certain Branch of Toc H recently the members were asked how many of them took part in these pools either indirectly in the form of Sweepstakes, or directly. It was found that ten out of the twelve members present took part in this form of gambling. And we have reason to believe that this is not an unusual proportion, because upon enquiry of people outside Toc H, we find the proportion among men even higher.

Now this is a definite challenge to Toc H. Gambling is not in accordance with the Mind of Christ. It is anti-christian and un-social: an offence against one's fellow-man.

It is not in accordance with the Mind of Christ because it

1. Is an attempt to gain without working for it (or paying one's rent for one's room on earth).

2. It is an attempt to gain at another's loss. (Whether that other is prepared to lose for the sake of a possible gain at your expense is beside the point so far as you are concerned).

3. It causes unnecessary hardship and suffering on helpless people. (Wives and children who very often have to go without the necessities of life in order that the husband may spend the money on a gamble).

4. It tends to drive the wealth of the country from the hands of the many into the hands of the few.

5. It is utterly selfish because a man is definitely out to gain all he can regardless of another's suffering or loss.

It has been said in defence of gambling that all life is a gamble, and that gambling with money is only a question of degree. People who talk like that do not know the difference between an Adventure and a Gamble—typical of the slovenly age in which we live. Adventure is Youth's quest in the Game of Life—head held high, marching forward with fine striding gait on Life's highroad, ready to do the best one can with the talents at one's disposal. The Gambler is the miserable brother who waits at home for Youth's return to rob him of his just reward for his work well done.

Again, people say that we must have a "flutter" to ease the monotony of our drab existence in the modern world of machines and unemployment. Two blacks do not make a white, and one cannot improve a drab world by making some people poorer and more miserable in it. Our job is to build bravely, not to capture the best houses for ourselves.

If we honestly think in our own minds that this business of getting all we can for ourselves at other peoples' expense is in accordance with the Mind of Christ, then of course there is nothing more to be said. But if we think that it is not in accordance with the Mind of Christ (and who can doubt that statement?) then we must take our stand with Him and fight this evil in our midst. It is nearer to us than slum clearance or even Unemployment—it affects probably 80 per cent. of us. If we are to be true to our ideals we must give it up now, and "spread the Gospel without preaching it" in a very real sense. There is no alternative. Brethren in Toc H, I give you a challenge. We must stamp out this Gambling *now*. Do you accept?

Yours sincerely,

A. L. COLLINS.

Milton and Eastney Branch.

Light

DEAR EDITOR,

The article on *Light* in this month's JOURNAL recognised, as have previous articles on the subject in past years, that T.O.C.H. is questioning in all sincerity this particular tradition.

The difficulty may perhaps be crystallised, not as "Why should we remember them?", but as "How can we remember them?" The words used in the Ceremony of Light are a direct quotation from a War Poem in which "Elder Brethren" means men who fell in the Great War. To "remember" implies previous personal knowledge or experience of the subject in question, and it is juggling with words to say that a man can, or should, remember others whom he has never known. The post-war member cannot be blamed for failing to achieve the impossible. To stretch the meaning of "Elder Brethren" as it must be extended if younger members are to find reality in the Ceremony, is surely only an expedient, though a necessary one.

There is no denying the simple beauty of the Ceremony, and the lasting value of the closing charge, but the opening words ring oddly, even (or especially) after many a repetition, and the substitution of a new form of words bearing a similar but less restricted meaning, might well receive consideration by those responsible for leadership in the Movement.

Yours sincerely,

Altrincham.

R. C. WALMSLEY.

Deep Water

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I have read with great interest the allegory *Deep Water*, by A.C.C., which appears in the April JOURNAL, but I must say that in the opinion of A.K.B.C. the ending is most unsatisfactory. Evidently the people on the raft T.O.C.H. had entirely failed to grasp the reason why they were there on the quayside, and the story, as it stands, gives rather a wrong impression to the outsider. I should have thought the better ending would have been like this:—

"Passing among the groups on the raft,

Smith noticed a Man who seemed to be the centre of interest. He had something to say to everyone who came to Him. To some He gave tickets and they left Him with beaming faces to join one or other of the big ships—others He sent off on their own little boats, personally supervising their embarkation. 'Who is He?' asked Smith of one of his companions. 'Why, He is the Master Pilot,' answered the T.O.C.H. man. 'He knows all about the voyage, He sailed it years ago Himself, alone, in a little boat, and encountered the fiercest storms in history. Because of His experience on that journey He knows just where the hidden rocks are and the strongest currents. He is also able to control the storms and can cause a great calm.' 'Do you think He would advise me about my voyage?' said Smith. 'Of course He will,' replied his friend. 'You have only to ask Him and He will not only advise you but He is willing to take the helm and pilot your boat right across, taking all responsibility. Come along, and I'll introduce you.' So the T.O.C.H. man led Smith up to the Master Pilot and left them together.

"In very halting language Smith made his request, and to his amazement he found that a boat had already been prepared and was only waiting for him to take it over.

"It was a wonderful seaworthy boat, complete in every detail, with ample provisions for the journey, a powerful wireless set whereby he could keep in touch with the Pilot all through the voyage, and a most reliable compass. The Pilot was most careful to impress on Smith that if he wished to reach port in safety it was absolutely necessary to consult the compass every day.

"'Now,' said the Pilot, 'are you brave enough to make the adventure and trust Me utterly, whatever happens?' Smith answered 'Yes!' stepped aboard his little craft and sailed off for the open sea. He encountered many storms, but his Pilot never failed to bring him safely through to the calm waters and Blessed Isles."

Yours sincerely,

ANNIE K. B. CASTLEDINE.

Purley and Coulsden L.W.H.

ASIDES AGAIN

Soccer Five-a-side, April 4

THIS year I could not attend one of the main sporting events in the social life of Toc H. I escaped the experience. And only through the dogged reluctance of anyone who did go to report of it at all am I forced to write these notes upon a game which is as strange to me as Backgammon or Dunmow Flitch. I speak of football played with the feet. There is nothing more un-English to my mind than being logical about sport; we ought as soon to expect Englishmen to pronounce words as they are spelt. Indeed take from us our far-flung territories, the essences of our culture, Bank Holiday Music massed in the Crystal Palace, oratorios chastened by the serious in choirs, and Mr. Bernard Shaw, we should still rule over the realm of nonsense. Barkis once wrote that it was the comic English genius that put the policeman and a string of sausages into the

Harlequinade; it was the same genius, then, that put an elliptical ball into the hands of its youth and two spires on to a goal post and called it football. It is not to be wondered at therefore that it is the majority of such genius who goes every Saturday afternoon to watch, in its thousands, football of another sort.

This game of association of which we speak flourishes in Toc H. That is well. The crowds who went to Folly Farm were as big as usual and more hilarious; the entries were good: a Headquarters team which didn't know the game (it's hearsay) charged into the third round, and Mark II, after a five year's struggle, won the Musters Cup held by West Ham. This Cup the Registrar himself presented. Those are facts: further accounts of the event will be found in last year's volume of the JOURNAL; the year before that and the year before that. Can a man say more?

Rugger Seven-a-side, March 28

The Tenth Annual "Seven-a-Side" Rugger Tournament attracted 14 entries.

Unfortunately, Northampton who seldom fail to send a team were unable to muster a "Seven," but Crowmarsh again made the sporting effort of entering the Tournament. In the early rounds Mark VII speedily fell victims to Kennington, while Northern Heights, a team of nomads, beat Mark XX. Tower Hill vanquished Mark XXII by 20 points to nil and Enfield outclassed Mark III. In the second Round Crowmarsh fell to Kennington, and Northern Heights beat Tower Hill after a sternly contested game. Enfield were again successful against Chelsea and Fulham who had previously won against Carshalton and Mitcham, and Mark I were able to put Mark II out after a fiercely fought match which lasted half-an-hour. Northern Heights and Enfield got through to the Final when the spectators were treated to a rousing game played between two teams of whose players were Members of the Toc H Rugger Club. Incidentally, these teams contained the Captains of the three Toc H teams as well as two of the Vice-Captains. The game

throughout was most exciting and, although played in the gathering gloom, was followed with great interest by the onlookers. Enfield were the first to score, but the kick failed. Then Northern Heights replied with a converted try and thus lead by 5 points to 3. It was towards the end of the game that Enfield were awarded a penalty kick which Bill Odam took from the touch-line. Every spectator strained his eyes to watch this attempt and those with the best eyesight were treated to a never-to-be-forgotten sight, for the ball sailed well over the bar between the uprights to win the match and the "W. A. Dodd" Cup by the odd point. Enfield for the first time won this trophy which was handed to the captain of the team by our President in the regrettable absence of William Dodd who was compelled by illness to miss for the first time the "Sevens" Tournament which he helped to initiate ten years ago. The Ladies' Trophy for goal kicking was again won by the 1st XV. It is hoped that in future years more support will be received for the Tournaments.

G.B.

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

The Navy Way

Here is a first-rate yarn from Leading Seaman MONTY FOSTER, of H.M.S. Oswald, to TUBBY, dated February 3. It shows Toc H very much alive in the China Station.

IF there is too much said of the Navy in the following narrative you must forgive me. Having been in the Fleet I cannot keep it out of the tale. The withdrawal of my ship from the China Station brought to a close two of the happiest years that I have spent away from Home.

Do you remember travelling with a crowd of Naval chaps, in the P. & O. *Ranchi*, early in 1934? These were the blokes that my Draft had relieved. But to work, my lad!

In the High Street of a small Provincial town is the Branch of a well known Dyeing and Cleaning firm. The window is dressed with a solitary Dance Frock, which bears a label saying "Dyed 7/-." Recently two little girls—about eight years old—were heard discussing this frock. "I don't think that is worth seven shillings. Do you?" said one of them. "No" said the other, "It isn't even worth 7/6." Indeed a case of mistaken values. The yarn I have to spin you has no mistaken values, but is a tale of the efforts of our brothers in the East to make East meet West in reality.

The first contact made was at SINGAPORE. A spell of ten days, while waiting for S.S. *Naldera* to take us North, enabled us to get well acquainted with their meeting-place in that beautiful old Temple in which some of the chaps have their home. Two members of the *Naldera's* crew were found to be Toc H men, and many items of news were swapped. A strong bond of friendship had sprung up between us by the time we arrived in Hong Kong, and we parted with the promise of meeting again on her Homeward trip. This promise began a series of contacts with them that is still going on.

At this time HONG KONG was still 'groping,' but early in 1934 the Rushlight was given and the Group was born amid great enthusiasm. Shortly after this the home of the Unit was shifted, and still later we

found a fairly permanent billet in Kowloon. The Fleet in China is based on Hong Kong during the winter months, but sails away to Wei Hai Wei for the Summer. This gives us an excellent opportunity for strengthening the Family spirit and for Training.

No place of meeting is available on the Island at WEI HAI WEI, so we decided to hold ours in the open air. Every Sunday afternoon we embarked in Sam-pans and went to some little beach, where we passed the time with games and swimming. A Picnic tea, followed by 'Light,' a short yarn on some Toc H subject, and Family Prayers, brought the meeting to a close. We usually sailed back to our ships in the twilight.

One of these meetings was particularly good. Owing to a high wind the chaps from the *Hermes* were unable to turn up. Two American Destroyers were in Port at this time, and somebody 'roped in' five American Sailors to fill the gap. We were initiated into the finer points of Baseball that afternoon, but the task must have brought tears to the eyes of our "coach." This was their first taste of Toc H and we sent them South to Hong Kong laden, well below the Plimsoll mark, with addresses and contacts. News came to us later that they had called on the Group.

The return to our winter base is always looked forward to. It means the renewal of many friendships and the doing of tons of work. Here we get the practical side of the Family. "John Chinaman" has not very much in common with us westerners. In fact he does most things just opposite to us. He reads his books from the top of a page to the bottom. When welcoming you into his house he puts his hat on, his surname always comes before his Christian name, and if he meets a pal in the street he shakes hands with himself. These little things may illustrate the difficulty of seeing things from his point of view.

One can hardly realise what it means to be down-and-out until one has seen the Street Sleepers in these Eastern Countries. Some of the natives are so poor that they live on the scraps thrown out by the eating-houses and sleep on the pavements at night, wrapped in sacks, rags, and even newspapers. It is no uncommon occurrence for the police to find them dead in the morning. Cold and exposure work havoc with their unnourished bodies. There is no Casual Ward System, as we at home know it, in the Colony, so some of the Residents got together and started a Street Sleepers Shelter Society. A disused church was equipped with tiers of iron bunks, and opened for these chaps to sleep in during the winter months. Volunteers were required to run the show, and the Toc H blokes gave of their best. Men were needed to give First Aid, to see that the Bathroom was well patronised—the Sleepers were not very fond of the water at first,—to register any belongings left for safe custody, and to show them their sleeping billets. In cold weather the crush at the doors required a doorkeeper of hefty proportions. The demand for accommodation necessitated the opening of a further Shelter. This time a three storeyed house. One old gent used to arrive there equipped with ten or so jackets and nearly as many pairs of trousers. He would take them off one at a time and carefully fold them before passing them in for safe custody.

Besides caring nightly for these chaps, the Society find employment where possible, and in that way give them a fresh lease on life. Serious cases of disease are sent straight to the Chinese Hospital. Some of the Sleepers have been returned to their homes and families by the Society.

One afternoon the Jobbie phoned the Fleet Secretary asking if a chap could be found to give a blood transfusion to a Chinese woman, lying seriously ill in the French Hospital. The blood was given but it was not enough and others were called. A successful operation was performed and the woman returned to her relatives quite well. Jobbie said afterwards that prior to these transfusions the woman had been his most

quiet and docile patient, but since she had grumbled and moaned about everything. Probably due to the large amount of Toc H blood in her. Later it was suggested that H.Q. be asked if we could claim her as our first member of L.W.H.! From this job came a Transfusion List much needed in the Colony.

A unique bit of work was given to the Unit at a meeting. A chap had arrived in Hong Kong and wanted a Best Man at his wedding on the following day. Would we supply one? We did. A Toc H Padre tied the knot, two witnesses were there to see that he did it well. A Best Man saw to it that the Bridegroom had not lost the Ring, and there were a couple of spare hands in the congregation in case somebody was adrift. One of the latter said later that on seeing the Bride, he would not have minded if the Bridegroom had not been there, for we'd have been able to supply the Bridegroom as well.

A short way from Canton is a small village called PECK TSAM. The inhabitants—about eighty souls—are all Chinese Christians. Since they took to the Christian faith nothing seemed to have gone right with them. Their main source of income was fish from a pond in front of the village. An abnormal flood in the River had weakened the embankment of this pond to such an extent that the fish were escaping. Added to this came a blight in their oranges, a failure of their rice crop, and persecution by the surrounding villagers. The latter taking the form of pinching pigs and chickens, and cutting down timber. All this was causing the village to run into debt, and something had to be done to put them on their feet.

The villagers were of the opinion that if the fishpond could be saved, then the problem would solve itself. With that end in view a movement was set afoot for as many hands as possible to spend the four days of the Chinese New Year Holidays in driving piles into the embankment of the pond, and in setting up hurdles, so that the inhabitants could fill it in with rubble, mud and water lily roots, and so defy the river. About thirty blokes volunteered, and those in the Service

were granted the necessary leave. Mosquito nets and other gear was collected. A member in S.S. *Empress of Japan* donated a large box of tinned food and his blessing. Just before Zero hour, however, Bishop Hall received a communication from H.B.M.'s Consul at Canton saying that only blokes with passports could go, as he could not risk an 'Incident.' Only about five chaps had visas for China Proper so the whole thing had to be postponed. 'Tis an ill wind that blows no good, however, and several of the blokes got rid of excess-pressure mountain climbing and long hikes during the week-end. A good home was found for the case of tinned food with a family that had recently had more than their share of bad luck. This job of pond-repairing is still to be done, and we hope that an opportunity will speedily arise. The effect on the morale of the villagers alone should make it worth while, and the fact that so many of the "Foreign Devils" were willing to turn out and give them a helping hand may give them heart in their misfortunes.

Half-way through 1934 Hong Kong's first Chinese member was initiated, and this was a great step ahead for the Unit. Closer co-operation is being sought with the Y's Men's

Club—a Chinese family with which we have a lot in common—and it is hoped to settle, gradually, many of the problems that are crying for attention.

All this has been of Hong Kong, the Fleet's Mother Group, but can be said of all the Far Eastern twigs of our Family Tree. Thoughts arise of the Units in MALAYA and their work among the lepers. Of TIENTSIN struggling for existence and now emerging with their Rushlight. Of the cheerful little band in TOKIO—Japan's only Unit. SHANGHAI trying hard to find a permanent home, but all the time keeping on with a splendid bit of work in bringing cheer to seafarers. Also comes a memory of two delightful days spent in PEIPING, where two lone chaps are struggling to get going with a great handicap in the shape of a constantly shifting population. The Fleet 'Blokage' is kept well occupied in looking up these Family Circles. We are in all truth 'Floating Ambassadors.'

The Family, in the Far East, is a growing one. Let us pray that it will continue to do so despite the present tense political situation in that part of the world.

P.S. In reading through, this seems to contain a lot of 'horn-blowing.' I'm sorry.
M.F.

From the Southern London Area

Just outside a window pane, on a very cold April morning, a song-thrush is proudly supervising a breakfast for three skinny fledglings. There remain still two eggs. A family of 5, (counting two before they are hatched, as we are so prone to do if we try to impress ourselves by looking for results) is no mean achievement. Even to get the nest built was not easy, with three cats to be contended with—and the cats very interested in local bird-life.

Inside the window a member of Toc H writes an Area Despatch. A survey of the Area of Southern London during a year's work shows much less growth than this thrush family promises. We can report very little hatching, while 5 new Branches will receive their Lamps in June, 2 others have

recently handed back their Lamps, and 2 groups have decided to disband.

This is the appearance on the surface, and does not make exciting news. Yet the leaders of Toc H in the Area are on the whole very cheerful about the position. By "leaders" we mean those who in District Committees and on the Area Executive have been playing perhaps a bigger part than ever recently. At this beginning of a new year a few new men are joining the ranks as District Officers, taking the place of others whose increasing commitments have moved them to other tasks. These men with new responsibilities, and the others who work along with them for another year, though not satisfied probably with many things, are confident and cheerful about the future.

Reasons for this must be looked for some distance behind the base statement "number of units at 31st March, 24 Branches and 24 Groups = 48; 2 less than last year."

The opinions of the Area Guard of the Lamp will illustrate this. There must still be in Toc H a very large number of men who have not considered how heavy a burden is laid on the Area Guard. Here is a small team of men faced with the big responsibility of watching the maintenance and growth of the family's health. Their's is a task which calls for balanced thinking and clear decisions. Our Area Guard this year retired for a whole week-end to a country Inn, armed with all the Annual reports of Branches, to study and think and discuss in peace. This proved much more successful than might have been the case if the work had been crowded into evenings at the end of busy days.

One cheerful comment from them reports a general "all-round" improvement in the life and work of the various Branches (with one or two exceptions), and that Branch Executives are realising and facing up to their responsibilities. This year showed a greater frankness in the reports of the Branches, and a decreasing tendency to ignore or 'explain' away weaknesses. Until recently there have been some Branch Executives which fell very far short indeed of the standard pictured by Hubert Secretan in the Epilogue of *Towards New Landfalls*. Perhaps we may quote a little of this sketch of the end of a Branch Executive meeting:—

"The meeting had been a long one, for the Annual Rekindling Report had been discussed in all its phases, and the members pushed back their chairs with the air of men who have made an honest attempt to see the life of their family clearly and to see it whole." Our Area Guard gave an encouraging suggestion that this attitude is more current in Southern London than it used to be—Alleluia!

Other facts are given to us by the Guard. Some of them are disturbing; we learn that only about 4 members in every 100 is under 20. This makes some of us feel that we must be growing up,—but what should we think of

our old Branch if we could be eighteen again, and meet it to-day for the first time? And we must report one shameful thing. We have talked about this question for 18 months, but we have not improved. During the year 38 men are reported as having "lapsed" from 18 Branches. Fifteen of these are simply reported as "gone away." This is poor testimony to the family spirit, and is one of the "disturbing" things of which we are not proud. It is written here, because we should like to remind ourselves of it (we always read our *own* Area despatch). But what if this happens in other Areas too? More than 20 Areas at home. Ten men in each would mean 200, and a postcard would have made all the difference. Ten minutes to find an address of the Area or District Secretary into whose land he has moved, and "You must be patient with him as he has just got married, but a word of welcome from the local Group would be grand." All this for a penny, and two more secretaries could have "looked out" for each other at the Festival in June.

Some Branches still have not seen the value of having their accounts audited each year by someone outside the membership of the Branch, and of a verbal statement to the monthly Branch Executive meeting by the Treasurer, with all his books and things available for reference. Others have appreciated these things, and have given a lead, and on the whole the attitude of the Area towards the question (so much discussed recently) of Finance is good, and contributions to General Funds on the increase. An evening which the Registrar devoted to a meeting of all the Treasurers in the Area has helped a lot.

Rekindling Reports from all the Groups in the Area have been received and studied by the Area Elections Committee. Here was another considerable job for a handful of busy people—and it is interesting to learn that their findings agreed very much with those of the Guard regarding Branches. The encouraging thing about the past year is not so much the evidence of new growth, or preparation for it, as the change of *attitude* towards many things which gives a welcome assurance of sound growth within the family.

The Area has been allotted the Whitsun week-end for a Pilgrimage to the Old House this year. It is good to be able to report that at the time of writing (before Easter) the list of pilgrims is already filled completely.

During recent months a new opportunity of contact with the Services has arisen. Near Orpington an area filled with wooden erections, which seems to have been connected with warfare for years and years, has now become occupied by some units of the R.A.F. Until recently these huts housed a huge ex-service hospital. The local group have acquired a cottage, which is available on every evening of the week for men from this new R.A.F. depôt. Here is another Everyman's Club where already many people have met and made friends.

In another part of the Area one of the Marks has been experimenting by lending their house or a room for local Groups to meet in occasionally. This seems quite a good thing for a family to do. Maybe, for the Group which takes the opportunity, it is rather like borrowing someone's well appointed house for a wedding reception. The

least that a wedding feast does is to make everyone more cheerful for the moment, and to give some folks a confident grasp for a new start in life. If the experiment does no more than this for a few inner-London Groups which find life slow and discouraging at times, it will have been useful. One or two men feel that if a way had been seen more clearly for a District team to help a Group which lacked staying power, a Rushlight or two would have burnt brighter instead of flickering out. Here's hoping—and trying to learn!

And for this summer, we have the third year on our own camp-site. This year there will be a wooden hut to house discussions and meals during wet weather. It is intended to make good use of the tents and equipment, for well-planned week-ends for Districts, or Branches and Groups,—and for the many Boys' Clubs, and other people with whom the members in the Area are in contact.

We look forward to learning a lot and perhaps growing a bit in this year of coming-of-age.

From the Oxford and Thames Valley Area

"If one were making a list of the 'decisive battles of the world,' the first place might well be given to this long struggle with gravitation which man fought and won when he learned to balance himself on two feet and hold his body erect," says Dr. L. P. Jacks. "United we stand, divided we fall," says the slogan. "It doesn't follow," say we. We have been going through a period of quite drastic division and yet feel we can claim to be winning the battle against gravitation. We stand quite firmly on our feet. In fact we sometimes show real aptitude for toddling.

We are ourselves a Division. Our leaders on the Executive, under a very wise man from the East, seem to be doing most of their best work when they are divided into their three teams; the Advisory Committee to the Guard of the Lamp, the Elections Committee and the Finance Committee. They've

got ideas and they are getting them across to us. We quite like some of them.

Then the old Thames Valley District has definitely divided itself into two now and the parts call themselves the Chilterns District and the Magna Carta District. (Lest captious readers would like to see an "h" in Carta, be it known that our spelling is backed by the historians of Balliol and the Public Orator of Oxford University. We weren't quite sure ourselves till we asked.

Oxford, which lends its name so generously to many things, including our Third District, has not been unaffected by the splitting spirit. Indeed, to be exact, as with the 30-mile speed limit, so here it led the way. It doesn't insist on this claim because it doesn't really mind the world thinking its causes are always lost. The District, which has recently taken to its bosom *Banbury* and *Brackley*, the unwanted

children of the West Midlands Area, has talked of splitting but feels the time is not quite ripe. *Oxford* Branch, however, has actually split into three Wings. It was too big. Members could not even put names to, much less claim friendship with, each other. Whole-time officers were becoming almost necessary. Young men, whose minds were being trained by the University to be useful to Toc H, were coming and, too often, going. Wing is an ambitious title. If little flying has yet been done, these units, meeting on three different nights of the week in the same H.Q., are certainly on their feet. New leadership from the permanent City membership is emerging and each Wing is becoming something like a real training-ground for men.

Training men—that is the true function of every Branch and Group. Special training of picked men away from their unit life is only designed that they may go back fitter to help their unit do its job. That is the *main* purpose of the District Team and the monthly meetings of our three Teams do now suggest that this is being realised. The same is true of evenings or afternoons organised by Districts, sometimes regularly, sometimes spasmodically, for unit Pilots, Jobmasters, Treasurers and Padres.

We've often been told that week-ends away together are worth a dozen such evenings. Poperinghe pilgrims are inclined to agree but the Division hasn't yet become week-end-minded. A possible way of obviating the

difficulty of expense has recently been shown by a Branch. They found a country parson ready to let a party of fourteen "camp" in his Vicarage for 3/- a head from Saturday tea till Sunday tea. He swears he wasn't down on the deal. He happens to be a District Padre and a bachelor who commands the services of an exceptional house-keeper, but still there must be other such in other parts.

In one way we really do feel we are becoming quite adult. District Teams are trying to be sensible about the relationship between Toc H and L.W.H. The Oxford Team has been lucky enough to have the Chairman of the L.W.H. Central Executive come and explain L.W.H. and its policy concerning relationship and groping. Some of us are sadly ignorant and perhaps a little frightened about it.

As we've almost descended to personalities let us end by saying how good it was to have John Palmer, Pat, Bob Sawers, Barkis and Owen Watkins to keep us in touch with the wider world; how glad we are that *Witney* is to be entrusted with a Lamp of Maintenance, that *Tilthurst* is aspiring to be recognised as a Group and that groping still goes strong in several spots. Finally a word of thanks to Hubert for *Towards New Landfalls*. It's selling well with us and helping us to get our minds active and receptive for the great experience of the Birthday Festival.

O. & T.V.A.

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